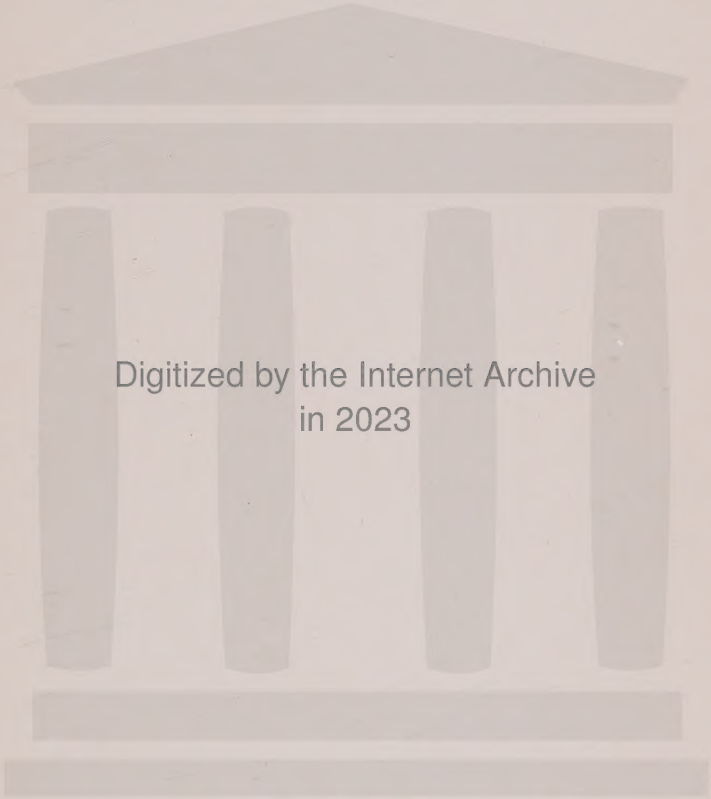
SECOND JOURNAL TO ELIZA


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023

https://archive.org/details/secondjournaltoe0000laur

ONE THOUSAND COPIES OF THIS
EDITION HAVE BEEN PRINTED

This is Number 190

LAURENCE STERNE

SECOND JOURNAL TO ELIZA

LAURENCE STERNE

SECOND JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Hitherto known as

LETTERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN

WRITTEN BY YORICK AND ELIZA

But now shown to be a later version of the

JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Transcribed from the copy in the British Museum

and presented with an Introduction by

MARGARET R. B. SHAW

Together with a Foreword by

CHARLES WHIBLEY

London

G. BELL & SONS LTD

1929

MADE AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND
AT THE CURWEN PRESS
PLAISTOW, E.13

LETTERS

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

BY

YORICK and ELIZA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

———That ſacred ſenſe of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.

AKENSIDE.

LONDON,
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noſter-Row.
MDCC LXXIX.

Facsimile of the Original Title-Page

CONTENTS

Page

Facsimile of the Original Title-Page

FOREWORD v

INTRODUCTION ix

SECOND JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Yorick to Eliza 1
Eliza to Yorick 41
Yorick to Eliza 125

APPENDIX

Original Preface of the Editor (1779) 161
Address of the Author to the Reader (1779) 164

FOREWORD

In 1779, eleven years after Sterne's death, there were published, in two volumes, *Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza*. They were ascribed, without warrant, to William Combe, a literary hack, remembered now merely as the writer of *Dr. Syntax*. The authorship of these volumes was claimed by Combe, and the claim, supported only by a list of Combe's works, printed from a paper in his own handwriting in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1852, has been commonly allowed. That Combe's mere word should have been accepted is the stranger because he was, as we know, an unscrupulous hack, with a natural love of mystification. What he says of himself is perfectly true, that he took 'the liberty of too often obtaining contributions, if not occasionally stealing from others'. In an editor's preface of the *Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza*, a preface which may be ascribed to Combe for what it is worth, he asserts that of the *Letters by the late Mr. Sterne* (1775), 'the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth were the offspring of that pen, which wrote the contents of the following volumes'. The value of this assertion, which has been enough to proclaim Combe to be the editor, if not the author, of the volume, may be measured by the fact that the ninth letter has since been found, written by Sterne's own hand, in his note-book, which is now in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's library. This one false statement should be enough to invalidate Combe's claim to the authorship of any letters 'supposed' to be Sterne's.

Yet hitherto there has been no word breathed of suspicion. Until Miss Margaret Shaw, with commendable courage and a keen sense of the style and rhythm of

prose, ventured to lay bare Combe's falsehood, the critics have taken it for granted that Combe was the rightful author of many letters, which are far beyond the reach of his slender skill. Above all, Miss Shaw may claim courage, for only a very brave critic dares disturb a long-established opinion. Those who have read the *Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza*, and owing to the rarity of the book they are not very many, have quietly accepted the ascription of it to William Combe. Nor is it easy, except by a narrow criticism of the style, to prove that Combe did not write it. We are accustomed to take for granted the claim made by this one or that to the authorship of a book. But Combe's claim seems wholly ill-founded, and was not too loudly pressed. The thief had not the courage of his felony. He did not put his name on a title-page, and it is not clear by what subtle means he spread his falsehood abroad.

The external evidence, which Miss Shaw adduces, to prove that Combe could not have written the *Supposed Letters*, is conclusive. The claim which he makes to have written certain letters in the collection of 1775 is, as I have said, demonstrably false. And Combe's authorship appears impossible, when we compare the *Supposed Letters* with another manuscript of Sterne's, entitled a *Journal to Eliza*, which was discovered in a private library in Bath in 1878, and printed for the first time in Professor Cross's edition of Sterne's Works. Upon this *Journal*, as Miss Shaw is at the pains to show, the *Letters* of 1779 depend not only in detail but in arrangement. Indeed, the *Letters*, hitherto given to Combe, may be regarded, as Miss Shaw regards them, as a second version of the *Journal*, indubitably by the same hand.

But it is not only upon external evidence, such as this, that Miss Shaw depends to prove her case. It is upon the

style and cadence of the work itself. 'The rhythm or pattern of an author's style', she says justly, 'is conditioned by some inner rhythm of his nature, and so inimitable'. The subtlety of Miss Shaw's ear enables her, without difficulty, to show that it was impossible that Combe, whose prose is as flat as a board and expressionless as a reporter's English, should have written both what we know to be his and that which he owns to have stolen from others. This part of Miss Shaw's argument is set forth with an admirable clarity, and illustrated by most wisely chosen examples. And the conclusion to which she comes concerning the authorship of the *Second Journal* will, I think, be readily accepted: 'it has none of the failures we may notice in Combe's imitation of Sterne. Its style can bear comparison with Sterne's down to the smallest detail. It has the same variety, the same paradoxical contrast of simplicity and ornament, of exuberance and discipline, the same transparent tone and delicate line of the authentic Shandean music.' But I do not wish to come any farther between the reader and Miss Shaw's Introduction, a piece of persuasive criticism, on which she is warmly to be congratulated, and which should convince all those who read the *Second Journal*, now for the first time made generally accessible, that it bears Sterne's signature on every page.

CHARLES WHIBLEY

INTRODUCTION

The publication here presented is one which, in so far as it has received attention at all, has been considered one of the more creditable imitations of the work of that inimitable craftsman Laurence Sterne; but there is reason to believe that, far from being an imitation, it is, indeed, an authentic production, the work of Sterne himself. It has all the beauty that attracts lovers of Sterne, and if it can be established as genuine it will be a most important addition to his work. This proof involves, on the one hand, an appreciation of pure style and, on the other, an examination of external evidence.

Briefly, the circumstances connected with its publication are as follows:

In the autumn of 1779 an anonymous work appeared with the title *Letters, supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza.* 'The Editor of these Letters', writes *The Monthly Review*, 'informs us that the author wrote them merely for the amusement of himself and a few friends, but as a copy of them had got abroad, he was apprehensive they might be published as the genuine letters of the late ingenious and celebrated Mr. Sterne, for a trick of that kind had, we are informed, been very successfully played off before with a few of the Author's Letters.'

Report seems to have recognized a certain William Combe as the author, and the fact that he laid claim to this title is attested by a list of his works printed, in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of May 1852, from a document in his own hand.

William Combe, best known as the author of *Dr. Syntax*, was born at Bristol in 1741. His life, in so far as we know anything definite about it, is a strange patchwork: Eton, Oxford, the Grand Tour, and the entrée to the fashionable

assemblies of Bath and London, and then a period of misery in France, where he appears to have become in turn a waiter, a teacher of elocution, a cook, and a private in the French army. Back again in London, he passed from office to office in Fleet Street, scribbling articles for short-lived journals, correcting and remodelling other people's literary efforts, and, in short, making a living by all the ordinary means of the ordinary hack. In such circumstances it is little wonder to find that he had but an indifferent reputation for literary honesty. One particular instance will be dealt with later on in this Introduction, but his own confession is significant: 'From the intrusion of other things I fear that I took the liberty of too frequently obtaining contributions, if not occasionally stealing, from others, though on these occasions it is not improbable that I supplied my deficiency with something better than I should have myself produced.'[1]

It will be seen that the mere word of a man with such a considerable habit of borrowing is not of much worth without some evidence to support it; and at this juncture a comparison of the style of the work in question with Combe's own style and with Sterne's will show how little we can rely on Combe's testimony.

The rhythm or pattern of an author's writing is conditioned by some inner rhythm of his nature, and is, perforce, inimitable. True, the imitator can produce a very creditable 'pastiche' by copying the peculiarities of vocabulary and syntax in his model, but the compilation will lack those imperceptible touches which give the true swell to the original. Moreover, in a pastiche of any length the problem of copying a foreign pattern is as nothing to that of concealing the inevitable reaction of style on style: however cunning the imposture, some trace of interference

[1] *The Gentleman's Magazine.* May 1852. Vol. 37, p. 458.

must remain which close and patient scrutiny can discover, even when the superficial resemblance is strong.

Now here is a passage from Sterne himself:

'John de la Casse was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet, with all these great advantages of nature, which should have pricked him forewards with his Galatea, he lay under an impuissance, at the same time, of advancing above a line and a half in the compass of a whole summer's day. This disability in his Grace arose from an opinion he was afflicted with,—which opinion was this, viz., That whenever a Christian was writing a book (not for his private amusement, but) where his intent and purpose was, bona fide, to print and publish it to the world, his first thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.—This was the state of ordinary writers; but when a personage of venerable character and high station, either in Church or state, once turned author,—he maintained, that, from the very moment he took pen in hand—all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—It was term-time with them,—every thought first and last, was captious;—how specious and good soever,—'twas all one;—in whatever form or colour it presented itself to the imagination,—'twas still a stroke of one or other of 'em levelled at him, and was to be fenced off. So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of composition, as a state of warfare; and his probation in it, precisely that of any other man militant upon earth, both depending alike, not half so much upon the decrees of his WIT—as his resistance.'

Tristram Shandy, Vol. V, Ch. xvi.

A thorough analysis of Sterne's processes would take up more time and space than is necessary for the argument. It is sufficient to note that here we have a passage written by

a true artist, a writer whose technique, within his own definition of it, is most skilled and subtle. There are just three points relevant to the matter in hand. In everything Sterne writes he endows it with his own personality, so that the man is constantly appearing through the style. He has an inner science of composition which makes it possible for him to carry his rhythm unbroken across the grammatical chasm of the full stop, and so create an organic paragraph from an apparently haphazard succession of sentences. And finally, his characteristic punctuation mark, long considered as a freakish device, has, as an examination of this passage will show, a definite structural value. The Shandean dash is, in effect, a system of rhythmical pointing introduced side by side with logical punctuation. It is a method of phrasing as in music, which, although it generally coincides with a logical division of the subject-matter, indicates a contrapuntal rhythm of mood; and so it becomes, *par excellence*, the punctuation 'of the heart'. Because of its independence of those rules by which the critics of the 'stop-watch' would have men write, and because of its dependence on an inner law of beauty, it is, in a way, the most individual, and therefore the most inimitable, feature of the Shandean rhythm.

Now the following passage is as characteristic of Combe as the preceding one was of Sterne; but though the theme is similar in each, this only makes the contrast in treatment all the more obvious. In Combe's work there is neither sign of an original personality, nor of an individual style; the vocabulary is pompous, the phrases swing jerkily to and fro, while the rhythm snaps monotonously in two at each full stop, and even at times fails to carry the sentence to its end.

'Doctor Dee was a man of indefatigable research, and

singular erudition. He is said, when at Cambridge, to have applied with such diligence to his studies, that he allowed himself only four hours for sleep, and two for meals and recreation. He afterwards went abroad to attain further improvement; and, at the age of twenty-three years, read public lectures at Paris, on Euclid's elements, with the greatest applause. His various writings, both printed and in manuscript, in almost every science, prove him to have possessed uncommon learning. He wrote upon the reformation of the Gregorian Calendar; on the mode of propagating the Gospel on the other side of the Atlantick; on geography, natural philosophy, particularly optics, mathematics, metaphysics, astronomy, and, which rendered him more remarkable than all the subjects of his various inquiry, on astrology and the occult sciences. He lived in an age of great credulity, and employed his superior knowledge in making the prevailing superstitious spirit subservient to his public reputation, if not to his private advantage. Hence his pretended communication with spirits, and boasted acquaintance with astrological influences. These pretensions he is said to have applied some time before his death, to the discovery of stolen goods, in order to procure a support: his want of economy having reduced him, at the close of life, to very narrow circumstances. He died at Mortlake in the year 1608.'

History of the River Thames, 1786. Vol. II, pp. 56–57.

Yet although he had none of the craftsmanship that Sterne possessed, Combe did not hesitate to copy him, and to eke out his deficiency with phrases from the genuine works. The following passage from *The Philosopher in Bristol*, a work which appeared in 1775, shows what measure of success he met with in the attempt:

'I never in my life, was less disposed to the pensive

pleasures than in the earlier part of this day;—but they would not resign me:—this last circumstance coming to their aid, they conquered and governed me through every succeeding hour of it.—And now that it is night,—their power still controuls me.—Under their influence,—I look at the taper which burns dimly before me,—and it preaches with most pathetic eloquence.—I open the window-shutter, and not a star is visible!—It is all darkness;—and the darkness preaches also.

'—The day is past,—and life hastes away!—It is now the hour of night,—and I look forwards to the tomb!—The sun which this evening blazed on the distant mountain,—e'er (*sic*) it sets again, may glimmer upon my grave!—O Amanda!—thou art fair as the Lilly!—the rose is in the blush of thy cheek;—and thy heart is the temple of virtue!—I saw thee in thy evening walk,—and my eye followed thee till thou wast lost.—That eye, Amanda, may see thee no more!—and e'er (*sic*) a few hasty days are passed away, the worm may riot on thy cheek,—and thy heart become a clod of the valley.

'May heaven have mercy upon us both!—

'—I return again to my taper, and I behold it almost exhausted;—the flame begins to dance in the socket,—and will scarce light me to my chamber.——But I must have done—' *The Philosopher in Bristol*, pp. 67–69.

'A dwarf', says Sterne, 'who brings a standard along with him to measure his own size,—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.' Combe has made this mistake. His work is poor stuff indeed, but measured by Sterne's achievement it is poorer still. For the purpose of the argument it is enough to point out that Combe shows that he understood the structural value of Sterne's punctuation as little as he appreciated the other qualities of the

master craftsman. Not only are the dashes here haphazard and meaningless, but if they are taken away the passage reveals itself as pure Combe, with all the defects of his style.

In contrast to this we have the book Combe claims to have written: a work which, in characterization, composition and style reveals a master in the art and craft of letters. Here all is music, all is 'in tune with itself'. The book is written throughout in an easy, flowing style, expressing by an infinity of delicate modulations the tones and under-tones of human emotion. Its supreme art is, perhaps, best shown in a passage such as the following, where the author makes his melody out of the simplest ideas and the most everyday vocabulary, and where 'the insensible *more or less*' does, indeed, 'determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence':

'I mean to be continually writing a journal of my heart, and snatch all opportunities of sending it to thee. It is but right that thou shouldest be informed concerning what is so much thine own property.—I am but the steward of it and consider myself as accountable to its mistress for everything which passes therein—Its thoughts—its wishes—its designs—its caprices—its virtues—nay, its weakness, are all thine, and thou shalt receive a faithful account of them. —This I will perform with the most sacred fidelity, as I have already promised, "till thou wavest thine hand, and biddest me write no more".'

When we hear music such as this, and perhaps only then, we come to understand the ultimate possibilities of language. 'Oh! there is', we exclaim with Sterne, 'whom I could sit and hear whole days,—whose talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt;—who inspires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the most hidden springs of my heart in motion!' The delicate sequence of light-stressed,

high-pitched vowels, proceeding on an almost imperceptibly rising rhythm, gives to the opening phrases the character of an *Adagio* movement, and indicates, behind the simple statement of the idea, a mood of resigned and pensive melancholy. As the phrases pass from statement with an undercurrent of feeling to the more direct expression of emotion the measure changes, and, still in rising rhythm, but with swifter turns of phrase and with more stress on the accented syllables, breaks up into 'short swallow-flights of song', to return again to the opening mood, and so proceeds to the last cadence with its sonorous closing chord.

The *Second Journal* need not fear examination. It has none of the failures we have noted in Combe's imitations of Sterne. Its style can bear comparison with Sterne's down to the smallest detail. It has the same variety, the same paradoxical contrast of simplicity and ornament, of exuberance and discipline, and, above all, the same transparent tone and delicate line of the authentic Shandean music.

The following passages, in which Sterne and its author are placed side by side, show the unmistakable identity of stylistic detail:

i. (*a*) *Sentimental Journey:* 'I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the courtyard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning . . . Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly—for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastille is not an evil to be despised.—

But strip it of its towers—fill up the foss—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man, which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.'

(*b*) *Second Journal:*[1] 'What different characters—or I should rather say, what opposite dispositions exist in the same person!—Now I do not believe that anyone can, possibly, point out a greater difference in any of the general, human, propensities than yourself in the world, and yourself in private society; nay, I will go further still—than Mr. Sterne in private society, and the same gentleman in a tête-à-tête, or with a few select friends.—In the former situation, he is gay, airy, and loquacious;—all spirits, life, and whim;—full of joke, pun and story:—in a more private society his Spirits are somewhat purified by the flashes of an Attic wit:—but in a tête-à-tête is himself alone—for no one ever was or ever will be equal to him.—Here his wit is pure,—his smiles complacent,—his passions corrected,—his sentiments divine.—Here I have known him:—and I would not lose this idea of my Bramin for the wide extending realm of *Indostan*, whither I am going.'

ii. (*a*) *Sentimental Journey:* 'I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'tis all barren;—and so it is: and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a desert I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections:—if I could not do better I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to;—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection;—I would cut my name upon them, and swear

[1] See p. 54.

they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert; if their leaves withered I would teach myself to mourn;—and when they rejoiced I would rejoice along with them.'

(*b*) *Second Journal:*[1] 'I love an old servant to my heart, whether human or brute, or neither,—and I would go more miles to see *Sir Roger de Coverley's* old butler, and the dog that howled at the Baronet's death, than to behold e'er an Emperor, King, Prince, or Potentate in Christendom, except the King of England, because he is my own and I love him:—besides, he is so good a one, and ought to be an eternal exception, when foolish people chuse—which by the by is a very easy matter, to fall foul upon crowns and sceptres, and the heads and hands that bear them.

'When I enter an old family mansion, I am dissatisfied, if I do not see a few heads of gray hair in the establishment —and, if there are no helmets or long pikes in the hall, I cannot eat my dinner in comfort.—If a pert powder-monkey of a butler stands at the old side-board I think the wine is bad;—and when half a dozen be-ruffled lacqueys, better-dressed than myself, come to help me on with my great-coat, I run out of the house with all my speed and wish it may tumble about their ears.—'

iii. (*a*) *Tristram Shandy:* 'When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart,—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O my Tullia! My daughter! my child!—still, still, still,—'twas o my Tullia!—my Tullia! Methinks I see my Tullia, I hear my Tullia, I talk with my Tullia—but, as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion,—nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.'

[1] See p. 146.

(*b*) *Second Journal:*[1] 'As I turn my eyes to my cabin-window, the blue hills of Britain seem already to disappear! I could say—yes, I could say,—Turn, ye winds! and linger, ye tides!—but I will change my note and sing,—blow, ye winds and roll on, ye tides—for the swifter you bear Eliza away, the sooner she will return to her friends, her Yorick—and herself!'

The first two examples of parallel rhythm need no comment. The third has been chosen to illustrate more particularly the close connection with musical form which is a common feature of the two passages. These are not exceptional coincidences of style, the rest of the work is of the same character, and in the continuity of its rhythmical pattern,—which contains no modulation, tonality or cadence foreign to Sterne,—makes good its claim to be considered an authentic work.

The argument in favour of Sterne's authorship of the work under discussion receives further support when we turn to external evidence.

First of all let us look into a curious episode in Combe's career as a writer. In 1775 three collections of letters purporting to be written by Sterne were published in London.[2] The authenticity of two of these has been accepted, and with reason. Mrs. Medalle, Sterne's daughter, stands surety for the one, while the Preface of *Yorick's Letters to Eliza*, with its open reference to people living at the time, attests the genuineness of the other. They do not therefore enter into this discussion.

[1] See p. 47.

[2] (i) *Letters from Yorick to Eliza.* First Edition, March 1775. (ii) *Sterne's Letters to his Friends on Various Occasions.* First edition, July 1775. (iii) *Letters of the late Mr. Laurence Sterne.* Published by his daughter, Mrs. Medalle. October 1775.

The third collection—*Sterne's Letters to his Friends on Various Occasions*—was accepted as genuine at the time, but when, in 1779, the *Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza* appeared, its Preface[1] stated that both this work and seven of the Letters published in 1775 were forgeries written by the same hand. Since that date both these works have been generally attributed to Combe.

Now it happens that a recent discovery[2] has shown that one of the Letters in the collection published in 1775, and stated in the Preface of the work published in 1779 to be an imitation, is unmistakably genuine. Professor Cross,[3] who, in his edition of Sterne's works, had (in common with many others) taken Combe's word without challenge, was finally convinced of Combe's unreliability by the evidence of a letter-book now in the Pierpont Morgan Library, in which appears, in Sterne's own hand, Letter IX of *Sterne's Letters to his Friends*. Letter V, moreover, was included by Sterne's daughter in her own collection. We have, therefore, an instance of the lengths to which Combe's desire to pose as a successful imitator of Sterne would carry him, and we see that his habit of stealing from other men's work goes even further than he himself admits.

But to proceed. Another manuscript of Sterne's, that of the *Journal to Eliza*, lost for more than a hundred years to be discovered amongst some odd papers in a private Library in Bath,[4] reveals the interesting fact that the

[1] See Appendix, p. 161.

[2] See *Life and Times of Sterne*. Vol. II. W. L. Cross. New Edition, 1925, p. 275.

[3] See *Works of Laurence Sterne*. W. L. Cross. Jenson Society, Cambridge, Mass., 1906. Vol. VI, pp. xxi–xxii.

[4] See *Athenæum*, March 30, 1878. The *Journal to Eliza* was first published in Professor Cross's edition of Sterne's Works. New York, 1904.

publication called *Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick to Eliza* is a second version of this *Journal*.

A comparison of Sterne's manuscript with the publication of 1779 shows that, when all coincidences of detail which can be explained by reference to a common source have been considered, there remain passages which can only be accounted for by the dependence of the *Letters* of 1779 on the *Journal*, for in these passages we are faced with a correspondence, not only of single details, but of arrangement as well. Quotation will show how close is the resemblance between the passages:

(*a*) *Journal to Eliza*. April 27: 'I pore so much on thy picture—I have it *off by heart*—dear Girl—oh 'tis sweet! 'tis kind! 'tis reflective! 'tis affectionate—'tis—thine my Bramine. I say my matins and vespers to it—I quiet my murmurs by the Spirit which speaks in it! "All will end well, my Yorick!" I declare my dear Bramine I am so secured and wrapt up in this belief that I would not part with the Imagination of how happy I am to be with thee, for all the offers of present Interest or Happiness the world could tempt me with; in the loneliest cottage that Love and Humility ever dwelt in; with thee along with me, I could possess more refined Content than in the most glittering Court; and with thy love and fidelity taste truer joys my Eliza! and make thee also partake of more, than all the senseless parade of this silly world could compensate to either of us—with this I bound all my desires and worldly views—what are they worth without Eliza? Jesus! grant me but this I will deserve it—make my Bramine as happy as thy goodness wills her—I will be the Instrument of her recompense for the sorrows and disappointments thou hast suffered her to undergo, and if ever I am false, unkind or ungentle to her, so let me be dealt with by thy Justice.'

(*b*) *Second Journal*, p. 6: '—Thy picture, which thou didst tie about my neck with thy own hands, and will go down to the grave with me, shall be a talisman to preserve my heart from turning a momentary regard to any object but thyself. Thou art the queen of it! Thy triumphs crown, and thy virtues adorn it.—That I speak truth, when I tell thee of my most pure and sincere love for thee, I call that just Being to witness, to whom I stand accountable for every sentiment in this and every other letter which I have written, or may hereafter write, to thee, and who will one day judge me for that.'

The following passages show an even more remarkable resemblance to each other; for here the coincidence of arrangement extends to the record of a whole day's emotions:

(*a*) *Journal*. April 19: '—poor sick-headed, sick-hearted Yorick! Eliza has made a shadow of thee—I am absolutely good for nothing, as every mortal is who can think and talk but upon one thing!—how I shall rally my powers alarms me; for Eliza has melted them all into one—the power of loving thee—with such ardent affection as triumphs over all other feelings—was with our faithful friend all the morning; and dined with her and James—what is the cause that I can never talk about my Eliza but I am rent in pieces? I burst into tears a dozen different times after dinner, and such affectionate gusts of passion that she was ready to leave the room and sympathize in private for us. I weep for you both, said she in a whisper, for Eliza's anguish is as sharp as yours—her heart as tender—her constancy as great—heaven will join your hands I'm sure together. James was occupied in reading a pamphlet upon the East India affairs—so I answered her with a kind look, a heavy sigh and a stream of tears—what was passing

in Eliza's Breast at this affecting crisis?—something kind and pathetic! I will lay my life.

'*8 o'clock.*—retired to my room, to tell my dear this—to run back the hours of joy I have passed with her—to meditate upon those which are still in reserve for us.—By this time Mr. James tells me, you will have got as far from me as the Madeiras—and that in two months more you will have doubled the Cape of Good Hope—I shall trace thy track every day in the map, and not allow an hour for contrary Winds or Currents—every engine of nature shall work together for us—'Tis the language of Love and I can speak no other, and so, good night to thee, and may the gentle delusion of Love impose upon thy dreams, as I forebode they will this night on those of thy Bramine.'

(*b*) *Second Journal*, p. 9: '*Monday night 11 o'clock.* I give the garish day to the world! I reserve the night for my Eliza;—and in the silence of it my spirit communes with hers! I passed the whole of yesterday[1] with thy friends and thy Yorick's friends, the ******—They love thee most sincerely, and could talk of nothing but thee—no other subject broke in, even for a moment, on the favourite theme of us all:—and when we did not speak of thee and of thy virtues,—we were silent.—At the close of the evening we had been in this situation for some time, when, I know not how, an involuntary tender ejaculation escaped me:—it was—"Poor dear Eliza!"—and soon after, turning my eyes to Mrs. ****, who was sitting on the sopha beside me, I beheld her face bathed in tears:—I therefore took a white handkerchief out of my pocket, and, as they flowed in streams down her pale cheek, I wiped them away. It was

[1] This alteration of time, which makes the record cover two days in the *Letters* as against one in the *Journal*, is characteristic of Sterne's method of revision.

an office in which every fine affection, every tender feeling, every delicious sentiment was awake.—I could have worshipped her!—and if it were possible for me to love her better than I do already, I most assuredly should for this last sweet instance of her love to thee.—This little story is not for the many; they would not feel or understand it:—but for the few—, the very few,—such as thou art!

'What shoals there are of dull heads and cold hearts in the world!—But with all their proverbs and their prudence, I bless Heaven upon my knees, ten times a day, that I am not of the number.—Then should I not have known thee, or, which is the same thing, I should not have been sensible of thy unparalleled excellence—the contemplation whereof fills me with delight, and opens every generous vessel of my heart to receive the gentle and friendly virtues.

'But, while I am writing, it rains a deluge and the winds blow a hurricane.—Mayest thou be far beyond the reach of them—Heaven preserve thee, my child, from the storms of the sea and the storms of life;—and make the elements to which thou art exposed, gentle as thine own nature!

'Good night!—I kiss thy hand Eliza!—and if there should be a tear upon thy cheek, I kiss it away.

'—Fare thee well! I go to my repose, with my best prayers to Heaven for thine.'

These extracts prove that the writer of the *Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza* based his work on the *Journal to Eliza*. A comparison of the two shows that the former is in actual fact a second version of Sterne's work, and so can be called by the more convenient title of a *Second Journal to Eliza*.

Before we leave the manuscript of the original *Journal to Eliza* it will be well to notice certain details in it which further support our thesis. This work affords evidence that

Sterne had the idea of a new version in his mind. The record, as we have it, ends abruptly. An entry of August 4th makes it quite clear that Sterne did not regard this draft of the story as a satisfactory expression, either in form or matter, of this episode in his life. 'At present all I can write', he says, 'would be but the History of my miserable feelings. . . I will give you one general account of all my sufferings together, but not in Journals.' The only entry that follows (dated Nov. 1st) ends with the words: 'And now Eliza! let me talk to thee. But what can I say, what can I write, but the yearnings of heart wasted with looking and wishing for thy return. Return, return, my dear Eliza! May heaven smooth the way for thee to send thee safely to us, and joy for ever.'

Having in mind the eagerness with which Sterne, his worries over, sat down on November 1st, 1767, to write to Eliza, it is difficult to understand why the *Journal* breaks off, unless we conclude that, returning to the work after a space of nearly three months, Sterne saw, even more clearly than in August, the defects of his work, and turned straightway to write it in a new form. An examination of the time at his disposal shows that Sterne would have had leisure to write a second version of his *Journal* before his last illness in March 1768. By January 1st or 2nd of that year he was in London, with the first two volumes of the *Sentimental Journey* ready for the printer. With his mind free from those preoccupations, literary, domestic, and parochial, which had distracted him during the period of the *Journal to Eliza*, there was nothing against his realizing his desire: 'had I my time to myself and nothing to do but gratify my propensity I should write from sunrise to sunset to thee.' It is, therefore, quite reasonable to suppose that Sterne attempted a second version of his *Journal*.

The Introductory Note found with the *Journal to Eliza*

points the same way. This short account has puzzled critics ever since its discovery, for it in no way corresponds to the contents of the pages that follow. General opinion has concluded that this is one more instance of Sterne's intention (as a critic puts it) to 'mystify the general reader'. The note, which is on a separate page from the rest of the MS., runs as follows:

'This Journal wrote under the fictitious names of Yorick and Draper—and sometimes of the Bramin and Bramine—but 'tis a Diary of the miserable feelings of a person separated from a Lady for whose society he languished—The real names are foreign—and the Acct a copy from a french manuscript in Mrs. S——'s hands—but wrote as it is to cast a Viel over them—There is a counterpart—which is the Lady's Acct what transactions dayly happened—and what sentiments occupied her mind, during this separation from her Admirer—these are worth reading—the translator cannot say so much in favour of Yorick's—which seem to have little merit beyond their honesty and truth—'

The point to be made here is important. While the *Journal* fails to supply the counterpart promised in the Introductory Note, the second version of the story corresponds exactly with the plan given. The possibility, therefore, that this plan describes, not the unfinished draft, but a new attempt in which the process of translation from life into literature has been carried one stage further, cannot but suggest itself to those who know how Sterne made his books out of his own personal experience.

Before we turn to an examination of Sterne's methods of work, there are certain allusions in the new version which have some significance.

The book is full of references to events that can be dated. None of these falls after the period of his death and there is

one passage which seems to point definitely to 1768. Eliza writes: 'I have always thought that the author of *Tristram Shandy* must possess a genius exquisitely adapted to the restoration of Comedy, which like painting upon glass seems to be almost entirely lost,—*The Jealous Wife* gave us some hopes of seeing the Comic Muse in her proper dress; but our expectations have not been gratified, and the Stage continues to teem with dramatic productions of little or no merit.'[1] This play, written in 1761, was by George Colman, mentioned in the *Journal to Eliza* as one of the 'men of wit' in Sterne's company at Skelton Castle. The criticism is just as regards 1768, but by the time the *Second Journal* was published both Goldsmith and Sheridan had made it out of date.

There are, it is true, two occasions on which the author appears to have taken liberties with biographical truth.[2] The second version begins with the departure of Eliza, and ends before she has reached India. In actual fact it covers the period of the *Journal of Eliza*—from April to August 1767. Yet Yorick writes 'when I am at Coxwould in the summer', and, in another place, Eliza asks Yorick why he has not mentioned certain Italian friends of his in the *Sentimental Journey*, a work which was not finished until the winter of 1767. But these alterations of fact do not disturb our thesis, for Sterne, it is well known, was in the habit of making modifications of this kind.

The literary allusions are precisely those that we should expect to find in an authentic work. All Sterne's favourite authors have been laid under contribution, either indirectly or by explicit reference to their works. But besides this, there is in this book an allusion to a writer who so far has not been connected with Sterne—'the tender and refined Fénelon'. We followed up this indication of influence to

[1] p. 118. [2] See note to p. xxiii.

find reason to believe that Fénelon's *Dialogues de l'Eloquence*, either in the original or in Stevenson's translation,[1] suggested many of those theories of style which *Tristram Shandy* puts forward. One passage in particular deserves to be quoted:[2]

'This due pronunciation,' writes Fénelon, 'is a kind of music; whose beauty consists in the variety of proper tones and inflexions of the voice, which ought to rise or fall with a just and easy cadence, according to the nature of things we express.'

Sterne's Shandean variation runs: 'To write a book is for all the world like humming a song,—be but in tune with yourself, madam, 'tis no matter how high, or how low you take it.' We can, therefore, claim that the book we are discussing makes, indeed, an important contribution to a study of Sterne's sources.

'Be but in tune with yourself', writes Sterne. In this sentiment lies the key to his method of composition. Dissatisfaction with *Tristram Shandy* led him to abandon it for the *Sentimental Journey*, dissatisfaction with the *Journal to Eliza* led him to throw it aside unfinished. In like manner his letters to his friends show the striving of the artist to reach perfection of expression.[3] We find him constantly

[1] This translation is the work which, under the title of *Cambray's Eloquence*, was recommended for reading at Cambridge when Sterne was an undergraduate. See Wordsworth, *Scholæ Academicæ*. Cambridge, 1877. Appendix III, p. 330.

[2] The original is an even closer parallel: 'C'est une espèce de musique; toute la beauté consiste dans la variété des tons, qui haussent et qui baissent selon les choses qu'ils doivent exprimer.' Sterne's debt to the French writers of the early eighteenth century is a far greater one than is generally supposed.

[3] The difference in composition between Sterne's quickly

playing variations on the same theme. New ideas mean less to him than to most men, a new and more perfect phrasing as much, if not more, to him, perhaps, than to any other English stylist. So the main difference between *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey* is one of technique, so that the style of his later work appears rather as a selection from among the many experiments in expression in his earlier work than a new departure. In *Tristram Shandy* Sterne's taste is constantly halting between two opinions; not until Shandeism,—as he expressed it,—had been 'sublimated by the laughter-loving people' of France, was his humour purified and freed from those grotesque elements which break up the simplicity of its tune. Even so we find in his latest work a conflict of two modes of writing. Side by side with passages in which the author, 'leaving the image on one side, and the pictures on the other', speaks 'as nature could lead him, to the heart', there are others which are under the spell of the flamboyant style 'proceeding . . . by metaphor and allusion, and striking the fancy . . . with the entertainment and pleasantry of his pictures and images'.

That this shaping of his style was conscious is attested not only by this recognition of conflict in *Tristram Shandy*, but by the manuscript copy of the *Sentimental Journey*, where corrections, such as 'sea' for 'ocean', 'comfort' for 'consolation', show him pruning away certain decorative tendencies. Now the *Second Journal* not only shows this same conflict of styles, but contains a passage which is undoubtedly a second and more beautiful variation of a theme introduced into the *Sentimental Journey*. We place them side by side to show the contrast:

written letters and those that have been written with the possibility of publication in view throws significant light on his method.

(*a*) *Sentimental Journey:* 'Dear Sensibility! Source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys or costly in our sorrows!—Thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and 'tis thou who liftest him up to Heaven!—Eternal fountain of our feeling!—'Tis here I trace thee,—and this is thy "*divinity which stirs within me;*"—not that in some sad and sickening moments "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction!*"—Mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself;—all comes from thee, great—great *Sensorium* of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but fall upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain in when I languish, hears my tale of symptoms and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains;—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock.—This moment I behold him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death!—his gentle heart bleeds with it!

'Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walkest off with anguish,—but thy joys shall balance it;—for happy is thy cottage,—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.'

(*b*) *Second Journal*, p. 44: 'Happy shepherd, who feedest thy flock upon the mountain, and lookest down upon the tides below thee!—Happy art thou!—Nor winds bear thee away from those who love thee,—nor does thy life shudder beneath the contending elements.—When the storm comes,—thou hurriest, like the halcyon, to thy shelter in the rock;—and, when it has blown its blast, thou comest forth from

thy retreat, and sitting upon the cliff, dost breathe some pleasant strain upon thy pipe,—and thy flocks feed around thee!—Happy people!—I would that I had a cot in your village,—and that my Bramin was your Bramin—then I would never trust the billows of the sea,—or the more dangerous billows of the world again,—but pass a blameless life with him and you;—and, I think, we might find, together, the way to heaven.'

How graciously smooth is each phrase in this *pastorale!* From its antiphonal opening, through the subtly beautiful divisions of the second movement, to its quiet close on a repetition of the original phrasing, an unbroken melody binds together all its subtle variations of tone. This is, indeed, the most exquisite harmony of music and meaning. It is, also, as strong a proof as any that the work is genuine. For surely only Sterne could excel Sterne!

In methods of composition, then, the *Second Journal* is in keeping with all that we know of Sterne. So, too, is the personality of its writer. The same whimsical juxtaposition of humour and pathos, the same swift and even startling transitions of thought and mood, the same minute notation of expression and gesture which makes Sterne's manner so inimitable, are here employed in the construction of two characters cast in the same mould as the accepted creations of his fancy. Even the excesses of the work,—and it is not to be denied that these exist,—point to the one conclusion. The same extravagance of sentiment, the same flamboyancy, and even, at times, the same impudence that delighted (or scandalized) Sterne's contemporaries, connect this work with his authentic productions.

But perhaps the strongest argument in favour of his authorship is that the *Second Journal* presents a further unfolding of character, an evolution within Sterne's mind,

which we can see beginning in the first version. His abandonment of the *Journal to Eliza* is a characteristic gesture, revealing a man whose single aim as a writer was to shape the crude material of experience into a pattern of beauty. 'Warm from the heart', indeed, his feelings were to come, as gold comes from the furnace, but, like that gold, they were to be hammered and chiselled into a thousand shapes before the artist in him could be satisfied. Such is the meaning of the oft-corrected manuscripts, of the frequent changes of direction and the constant repetitions of the same idea in his writings; such, too, the motive that led him to abandon *Tristram Shandy* and to plan a revised edition of his *Sermons*. But the corrections of his *Journal to Eliza*, as they may be seen in the MS. in the British Museum, are not only a testimony to his conscientiousness as an artist, but show him seeking to work through the bitter experience of the moment into that benevolent temper which his many friends knew to be a fundamental trait of his character. In this way the first impatience, which betrays itself in an outburst against 'the Ingratitude and unfeeling Spirit of a restless and unreasonable wife', is replaced by a calmer mood, in which the correction of 'unfeeling' to 'inquiet' suggests that anger is giving way to pity. Another erasure shows that if Sterne wrote bitterly about his wife, he could plead provocation. The entry is as follows (the words erased being in square brackets): '*August 2.*— my wife [—I wish I could not add my Daughter for she has declined (?) in her affection for me] uses me most unmercifully—every Soul advises me to fly from [them] her.'

The episode of Yorick and Eliza[1] has been interpreted in

[1] For the general facts of Eliza's history, see W. L. Cross: *Life of Sterne*, Vol. II, pp. 108 *seqq.* Also Wright and Sclater: *Sterne's Eliza*. New York, 1923.

many ways, but there is one possible reading of it, which has at least as much evidence in its favour as any other, and has the additional advantage of placing Sterne's friendship with Mrs. Draper into relation with the rest of his life at this period. It is well known that Sterne's domestic life was unhappy, the 'contemplative girl' of his early love-letters had soon become suspicious and quarrelsome, and her fretful temper allowed none to live on pleasant terms with her. Sterne, finding little solace in his wife, lavished all his affection upon his daughter, his 'little slut', as he called her. Lydia Sterne, according to report, was a lively, good-natured girl, with much of her father's humorous disposition, and there was, naturally, a close companionship between them. When, in 1764, Sterne returned to England, Mrs. Sterne and Lydia remained in France, and, from that time on, father and daughter were separated. In January 1767 Sterne met Mrs. Draper for the first time, and they were soon close friends. The relationship between them has been defined by some as a further stage in a philanderer's career, by others as the one great passion of a lifetime. It is not to be denied that evidence can be brought forward for both theories, but neither can it be overlooked that Sterne's letters to Lydia on the subject of Mrs. Draper suggest yet another interpretation. The first letter is written on Eliza's departure for India.[1] In it, Sterne places Eliza and his daughter on the same footing, while his earnestly expressed wish to have Lydia back in England is indicative of the nature of the gap Eliza had left. As long as Eliza was in England Sterne did not realize how much he missed his 'little slut', but with the departure of this newer companion

[1] Dated April 9, 1767, in Mrs. Medalle's edition of her Father's Letters, but see *Works of Laurence Sterne*, ed. Cross, Vol. II, p. 142.

he turned at once to Lydia. This interpretation receives stronger support with the second letter,[1] written nearly a year after Eliza's departure. Here Sterne expresses his astonishment that Lydia should suppose that he ever intended her to be placed in the protection of Mrs. Draper, and shows that for him Eliza belongs to the same generation as his daughter,—as in fact she did, Lydia being only two years younger.

Besides these letters there are two others which point the same way. Eliza, writing to Mrs. James in 1773, speaks of Yorick in a way which seems to indicate that an element of hero-worship, such as might be expected from one of a younger generation, had entered into her feeling for Sterne. 'I was almost an Idolater of his Worth, while I fancied him the Mild, Generous, Good Yorick, we had so often thought him to be.'[2] Yorick, himself, in an unfinished draft of a letter to Mr. Draper,[3] expressed himself more plainly: 'The Impulse which makes me take up my pen . . . arises from the honest pain I should feel in avowing so great esteem and friendship as I do for Mrs. Draper, if I did not wish and hope to extend it to Mr. Draper also. I fell in love with your Wife—but 'tis a love, you would

[1] Dated by Mrs. Medalle Feb. 20 (1768), but possibly written in March of the same year.

[2] Published by Cross in his edition of Sterne's Works. In this Letter (a very long one) Mrs. Draper reveals her character. The document is important here as proof that the ideal Eliza of the *Letters supposed, etc.*, was modelled from a commonplace reality.

[3] This draft was one of the letters discovered with the *Journal to Eliza*, as also the letter mentioned above from Mrs. Draper to Mrs. James. The originals of both are in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 34527). See Cross's *Life and Times of Sterne*, 1925–26, Vol. II, p. 129.

honour me for—for 'tis so like that I bear my own daughter, who is a good creature, that I scarce distinguish a difference betwixt it—that moment would have been the last of my acquaintance with my friend (all worthy as she is).'

It may be urged that the warmth of the *Letters to Eliza* is incompatible with such an interpretation, and that the *Journal to Eliza* is in direct contradiction to it, but, even so, this will not explain the fact that, both consciously and unconsciously, Sterne connected Lydia and Eliza in his thoughts. Besides, it may be questioned whether the flights of Yorick's fancy may not be largely due to literary influences, and literary aspirations as much as to passion. 'Not Swift', he writes, 'so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I love and sing thee my wife elect! All those names, eminent as they were, shall give place to thine, Eliza.' 'With regard to the *Journal*, Sterne's indignation with a wife who had turned his daughter against him is the natural outburst of a man robbed of his last comfort, and his dreams of a happy married life with Eliza are but that refuge from reality to which human nature flies when pressed beyond its strength. Fortunately for Sterne, relief was not long in coming. Mrs. Sterne's visit, instead of adding to his difficulties, removed the greatest of them, for, to judge from the letter Sterne wrote to one of his friends, father and daughter, face to face, seem to have come to a better understanding.[1]

The differences between the subject-matter of the *Second Journal* and the *Journal to Eliza* are thus precisely those which can be explained by reference to background and to Sterne's methods of composition, and so in every way this later version is the natural fulfilment of the first. For instance, the unpleasant character of Mrs. Sterne is eliminated, as also many other references to actual fact.

[1] Arthur Lee. Written Dec. 7, 1767, from Coxwould.

Eliza has become the ideal companion, the dream of an unfulfilled reality. Yorick's Letters to her are, indeed, love-letters, but the book can best be described as an enquiry into, and in the end a vindication of, the Shandean System. When Sterne wrote 'we must be happy within us and then few things without us make much difference. This is my Shandean philosophy', he stated the principle which was to inform the *Second Journal*. But the cap and bells, however, are laid aside in this new work 'against the spleen'. 'Here', writes Yorick, 'you shall see me in my rightful character, which is a grave one.' It is not surprising, therefore, that the Yorick of these pages, although lambent flashes of his wit dart as of old, has more in him of the Author of the *Sermons* than of the King's jester. There are not only frequent allusions to his spiritual offices—he is 'a master in Israel', Eliza is his 'dear disciple',—but the fundamental characteristics of his teaching are to be found in the *Second Journal*, sometimes formulated by himself, sometimes by Eliza. So when the latter says: 'My design goes no further than to paint sublunary Nature as it is, and to preserve as well as I am able, the happy medium between divine elevation and degrading brutality', she restates an idea frequent in the *Sermons*. The same applies to the thesis that 'Hope is the foundation of every noble action of man', as also that 'there is in the mind a natural bent towards happiness'.

Again and again comes insistence on Sterne's serious purpose in his writings. 'I am now perfectly satisfied', writes Eliza, 'that every word and sentence you have ever written, has its *meaning* and its *moral*.'[1] 'To tell thee the truth, Eliza,' writes Yorick, 'I wrote for the wise and not for the fools;—and when I am dead and gone the petty petulance of snappish snarling critics will be over and my

[1] p. 51.

books will have justice done them by men whose applause will honour them, and make the bay-tree flourish over my grave.'[1]

All these details, significant as they are in isolation, afford, as they accumulate, ever stronger proof of Sterne's authorship. For here, in truth, is the key to that elusive personality; here, rather than in the *Journal to Eliza*. In the *Second Journal* those aspects of Sterne's character which in *Tristram Shandy* are divided amongst the *dramatis personæ* of the so-called novel, are harmonized and fused into one. Here is an interpretation which overlooks not one paradoxical element of his versatile genius, and yet resolves those discords that have shocked generation after generation of critics. Their bewilderment has, after all, a natural explanation. Humour, kindliness, and pity are social, not personal, reactions to the comedy (or, if you will, tragedy) of human life; and so, for all the apparent self-revelation of Sterne's Works, the man himself remains hidden behind his sensibility. *Tristram Shandy* is avowedly written as a remedy against distemper in Sterne's own mind,—not to air his grievances, but to banish them. The *Sentimental Journey* is 'a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit *of Nature*', and has the objectivity of a work in which sensation is a means and not an end. True, there is much that is autobiographical, much to be gathered as to Sterne's literary preferences, methods of composition, opinions, prejudices, and moral code; but there is so much of paradox in his manner, so much quiet irony in his humour, and so much humour in his gravity, that the man himself is constantly eluding definition. The letters he wrote to his friends are no less bewildering. The *Journal to Eliza*, with its intimate record of his personal feelings during a period of months, has been welcomed by many as a solution of the

[1] p. 20.

problem. But it can only be made applicable to more than the period of its composition by ignoring all the evidence that shows Sterne as capable of judgement and self-control. A consistent gaiety, even when he was in a deplorable state of health, a kindly wit that never was used to wound his neighbour, argue a certain discipline of the will, and are not compatible with a habit of giving way to circumstances. The *Journal*, moreover, can only be accepted as a complete solution if we ignore the *Sermons*, which stress man's responsibility in unmistakable language: 'We come not into this world equipt with virtues as we do with talents;—The gift of continency depends not, as these affirm, upon a mere coldness of the constitution—or patience and humility from an insensibility of it, but they are virtues insensibly wrought in us by the endeavours of our own wills and concurrent influences of a gracious agent.'[1] In face of such evidence Sterne may at least be given credit for as great a sense of responsibility and as much poise of character as is usual to fallible human nature, and, in consequence, a normal power of recovery from what must have been a momentary defeat of the will. The *Journal to Eliza* has, therefore, no more value as a solution than any of Sterne's other writings. The *Second Journal*, on the other hand, has an illuminating quality which marks it out as the supreme *apologia* of Sterne's genius, the most penetrating and judicious study of his personality that has yet been written, and one that, by its organic connection with his Works, transcends the limits of an imitation.

Let there be no mistake. This book throws no light on Sterne's fitness, or unfitness, for his clerical office, gives no picture of his domestic troubles, nor definition of his friendship with Mrs. Draper. These things remain obscure to us, as to his contemporaries. But little matter if they do; for,

[1] *Sermons*. Vol. VI, On Enthusiasm.

however important the enclosing circumstances of an artist's life may be to his everyday companions, they are rightly unimportant to those whose first concern is with the work of that artist. Let those who care to, follow the will-o'-the-wisp of biographical surmise: this book is not for them. It makes, none the less, a significant contribution to our knowledge of Sterne by the clearer light it throws on his literary method. If this work is taken as his, then his other Works fall into place as the gradual endeavour of an artist to achieve a more perfect expression of emotional experience, by a process of translation from the world of determined facts into that of the higher, freer, reality of art. At the same time, those features of his work which successive generations of readers have condemned as blemishes, his apparent trifling with accepted moral issues, or his over-exuberant sentimentality, appear as they really are—accidental characteristics such as every author shares with his age. With the help of this book we can more fully appreciate those qualities which Sterne possesses more than any other writer of his own or of other times, and which rank the *Second Journal* with the best of his work: an ear so finely attuned to all the vibrations of the human voice, and a sensibility so quick to note every movement or gesture through which the human impulses of amusement, pity, love and friendship find their outlet, that his books seem not so much a written as a living record of his sympathy with his own kind.

MARGARET R. B. SHAW

March 1929

SECOND JOURNAL TO ELIZA

YORICK TO ELIZA

YORICK TO ELIZA

THE winds prove again unfavourable and the papers inform me that you are returned to the Downs.—With a mind agitated like the waves whereon your ship rides impatient, I write to you once more; but this shall be my last. I can no longer bear this torturing slavery of suspence: my nerves are shattered in the conflict: I will, therefore, suppose you at the instant of departure, and that I am saying Adieu for the last time. The task has wrung my heart with anguish thrice already, but it shall wring it no more. The moment I have dispatched this letter, I shall hasten into the country, where I shall not see a single newspaper, or make one enquiry concerning thee, till I am certain that the immense ocean is between us. Oh, Heaven, thy decrees are just!—but when I look to the chair on my right hand, and do not see Eliza sitting thereon,—nay, when I consider that she is surrounded by the dangers of a faithless element, with her face towards a far, far distant country, and that she may never sit beside me more,—while I acknowledge thy justice, I become an object of thy mercy.

It would save us, my dearest girl, a world of pain if I stopped here: it would save us a flood of tears also; for mine are now pacing down my cheeks, and blot the letters, as thou seest, while my trembling fingers give them their imperfect form:—but let them remain

as they are. When thine eyes, my Eliza, meet this page, they will flow also; and it will be wet, with the sorrows of thy faithful heart,—I know not how it is, but a kind of melancholy apprehension has seized my spirits, which whispers to me that I shall never see thee again. Life is uncertain to the most robust constitution; and thine is weak, tender, and delicate. The burning suns of India will parch thy poor frame to dust: the sparkling fluid of thine eyes will be dried up; and thou wilt scarce be able to raise thy languid arm to thine heart, as the sign of affection, when thou biddest some faithful spirit bear thy last farewel to me.

Thou art, surely, the sweetest sacrifice that was ever offered up to inflexible Duty! Thou liest, poor, bleeding victim! on the altar, and thy friend cannot untie the cords that bind and keep thee captive there. —Oh! that I could take thee to some mild and genial climate; there cherish thy health; and, in thy sick hours, sit whole nights watching on thy bed beside thee!—Amid the fading beauties of the evening sun, we would wander near some gentle stream; and when we had lost ourselves in the valley, thou shouldest make the Echoes wonder at the delicious warblings of thy enchanting voice.—Oh, my Eliza! what a bright vision of delight is passed away! The separation, I had almost said the eternal separation, is made between us,—and I shall be desolate.

With such an heart as thou hast, you cannot wonder

that I thus linger in saying Farewel, when it may be a farewel for ever. These are awful words, my dear Eliza, either to write or speak; but the sentiment they convey to me is real misery and anguish of spirit.—My bosom bleeds at this moment.—Thou best of women, Adieu! May the God of Peace speak peace temporal and eternal to thy bosom! May it never more heave with thy sorrow; but delight, and joy, and comfort take up their habitation therein!

Forgive me, I beseech thee, if I urge the melancholy tale too far.—Yes, I see thee weep, thou good and grateful girl! Oh, may those tears be the last thou wilt ever shed, till some tongue shall tell thee, He is no more! He is gone down to the gates of death!—Then shalt thou weep again! and from thenceforwards may the fountain of thy tears be dried up for ever!

To the great Author of my life it is only known; but I have a strange pre-sentiment that it will not be long ere my heart, which now throbs with anguish, will be cold, and throb no more; and the hand which now obeys its tender impulse will be mouldered into dust.—My last looks, Eliza, will be to thee; and my trembling tongue will faintly murmur thy name, till it is bound fast in eternal silence!

All gracious Power!—who dost govern the world with unerring wisdom,—if, in thy decrees, this painful separation is judged to be best for us,—it must be

so!—but, surely, the ties that bind our hearts together pierce through time to another world!—In thy mercy grant that they may be made perfect there!

Resting then, my dearest Eliza, on this hope, let us catch every transient ray of comfort that may beam from thence to warm and illuminate our hearts. Let the purity of our affections, the constancy of our love, and even our mutual sorrows, beget comfort to our souls!

Thy picture, which thou didst tie about my neck with thine own hands, and will go down to my grave with me, shall be a talisman to preserve my heart from turning a momentary regard to any object but thyself. Thou art the queen of it! Thy triumphs crown, and thy virtues adorn it.—That I speak truth, when I tell thee of my most pure and sincere love for thee, I call that just Being to witness, to whom I stand accountable for every sentiment in this and every other letter which I have written, or may hereafter write to thee; and who will one day judge me for them.

As I began, so I must conclude. These blots tell the sad tale of my heart!—Accept, then, my kind and most affectionate adieu!—In this, or a better world we shall meet again.—But, while I write my letter, the wind, perhaps, favours your departure, and you will not receive it.—Hark!—I hear the shouts of the seamen!—the sails are unfurled!—the winds bear

thee rapidly away!—I stand upon the beach—I view thy flying vessel, and catch the last faint image of it! —Alas, it is now lost!—My eyes no longer behold it!— In vain I wave my handkerchief to thee: a wide waste of waters surrounds thee, and thou canst not see it.—The immense, the trackless ocean divides us from each other—Fare thee well, then, my dear Eliza!—Receive the sad adieu, and cherish in thy remembrance the fond affection of thy

YORICK

P.S. Although I have said farewel to thee once for all, Eliza, if adverse winds should prolong thy stay in the Downs, do not follow my example, but continue to write thy adieus to me, by any and every opportunity, to the last. I shall receive and bless them, on my return to town. And even on thy voyage, Eliza, why shouldest thou not be continually writing to thy Yorick, as he will be to thee. So that you may always have some intelligence of yourself ready to send me, if you should meet with any ship bound for England. Then tell thy Captain that thou dost ardently desire to send some account of thyself to thy best friend, and he will instantly slacken his sails, that thy wish may be accomplished: and when thou dost return thy acknowledgements for his kindness towards thee, the blessings of thy Yorick shall go along with them.

Saturday Evening

As I did not find any tidings of thee, my Eliza, on my arrival in town this morning, I conclude that my last letter did not reach thee,—or, at least, you had not any opportunity of sending me an answer.—Indeed, to tell thee the truth, I almost wish that it may have been too late,—and be now sleeping in the post-office at Deal.—I was under a load of melancholy apprehensions when I wrote it,—and it would have told thee so;—for this poor thin-spun frame of mine, buffeted withal as it has been of late, cannot have much time in store: and so fully am I convinced of this being the case, that I cannot, in my most fanciful moments, delude myself into an expectation that I shall live to hail thy return. Even the eye of Hope grows dim when I turn it towards the prospect of passing any part of my remaining life with thee.—Such ideas as these, with many other melancholy forebodings, broke in so powerfully upon my resolution, that, though I endeavoured, with all my might, to rally back my scattered spirits, and to write chearfully to thee,—it was in vain:—and the mournful pages of my letter, if thou hast received it, have already told thee that my philosophy suffered a total defeat.—Sorrow triumphed over thy Yorick.—It erected its standard in his very heart!—in thy heart, Eliza;—for it is thine—and so it will remain till its pulses *beat no more!*

By this time, I hope, thy sickness has abated,—

that the lustre ceases to languish in thine eye, and the paleness to sit upon thy cheek!—My prayers are continual for thee, my child! In my morning hymn thou art remembered,—and in my evening sacrifice thou art not forgotten.

I mean to be continually writing a journal of my heart, and snatch all opportunities of sending it to thee. It is but right that thou shouldest be informed concerning what is so much thine own property.—I am but the steward of it, and consider myself as accountable to its mistress for everything which passes therein.—Its thoughts,—its wishes,—its designs,—its caprices,—its virtues,—nay, its weakness, are all thine, and thou shalt receive a faithful account of them.—This I will perform with the most sacred fidelity, as I have already promised, '*till thou wavest thy hand and biddest me write no more*'.

Good night, Eliza!—May thy pillow be soft as thy heart, and thy dreams as the visions of a good spirit!

Monday Night, 11 o'clock

I give the garish day to the world!—I reserve the night for my Eliza;—and, in the silence of it, my spirit communes with hers! I passed the whole of yesterday with thy friends and thy Yorick's friends, the * *.—They love thee most sincerely,—and could talk of nothing but thee.—No other subject broke in, even for a moment, on the favourite theme of

us all:—and when we did not speak of thee and of thy virtues,—we were silent.—At the close of the evening we had been in this situation for some time when, I know not how, an involuntary tender ejaculation escaped me:—it was—'Poor, dear Eliza!'—and soon after, turning my eyes to Mrs. * *, who was sitting on the sopha beside me, I beheld her face bathed in tears:—I therefore took a white handkerchief out of my pocket, and, as they flowed in streams down her pale cheek, I wiped them away. It was an office in which every fine affection, every tender feeling, every delicious sentiment, was awake.—I could have worshipped her!—and if it were possible for me to love her better than I do already, I most assuredly should for this last sweet instance of her love to thee.—This little story, my Eliza, is not for the many; they would not feel and understand it:—but for the few, the very few,—such as thou art!

What shoals there are of dull heads and cold hearts in the world!—But with all their proverbs and their prudence, I bless Heaven, upon my knees, ten times a day, that I am not of the number.—Then should I not have known thee, or, which is the same thing, I should not have been sensible of thy unparalleled excellence,—the contemplation whereof fills me with delight, and opens every generous vessel of my heart to receive the gentle and friendly virtues.

But, while I am writing, it rains a deluge, and the winds blow a hurricane.—Mayest thou be far beyond

the reach of them!—Heaven preserve thee, my child, from the storms of the sea, and the storms of life;—and make the elements to which thou art exposed gentle as thy own nature!

Good night!—I kiss thy hand, Eliza!—and if there should be a tear upon thy cheek, I kiss it away—Fare thee well!—I go to my repose, with my best prayers to heaven for thine.

Wednesday Evening, 8 o'clock

THRICE did I this morning dip my pen into the ink-horn, with the intention of proceeding in my journal, and thrice did I wipe it dry again, and return it to its place.—My spirits were not in unison with thine.—I had been in the world, and caught the infection of it.—It was strange, surely, very strange; and I was out of humour with myself, that I should sit down to converse with one of the best beings in the world, in a frame of mind which had been produced by conversing with some of the worst.—I had breakfasted at a coffeehouse, among pert, ignorant ensigns, and grey-haired letchers;—and from thence I returned to my lodgings, to sit down and write to thee.—I do not wonder that when I invoked thy spirit, it would not hear me;—and I most heartily ask thy grace and pardon for attempting to do it in a state of mind so ill-suited to the best task of my life. You will say, perhaps, What business had I in such company? The

question, it must be acknowledged, is very just; and I will answer it by telling thee that I had business there!—Besides, a sentimental philosopher, like myself, has business everywhere;—and an occasional engagement in such societies as these, or even worse, though they may banish sentiment for a short time, will, in some cool hour, be the real means of calling it forth to the most excellent purposes.—Remember this observation, indubitably founded in truth,—that, if you hate the vicious,—their conversation cannot harm you!

Do thy shipmates, Eliza, answer the expectation thou hadst formed of them?—I trust and hope that your good-nature and benevolence, whereof I cannot say too much, did not get the better of your discernment in the account your letter gave me of them.—By the bye, my dearest girl! I am almost disposed to be jealous of the young Son of Battle who accompanies thee.—Not, believe me, that I want confidence in thee, or have any fears for thy discretion, or doubts of thy sincerity; but I am really apprehensive that he will fall violently in love with thee.—To speak my mind, I think it almost impossible to be otherwise.—In the same ship with Eliza for six whole months together!—Oh! he must be a savage indeed—and possess a most depraved spirit, if thy charms do not melt him to the tender passion.—And tho', I think, nay, am confident, that I have as few narrow sentiments or sordid prejudices about me as most

people,—yet, with regard to thee, I feel a disposition to monopoly, which nothing but thy matchless and invaluable self can justify.—Tho' I would have all the world honour, respect, nay, admire thee,—yet I alone, if possible, would be permitted to love thee. They might see the diamond at a distance, and be charmed with its brilliance, but I alone would wear it at my heart.—I desire and beseech thee, to tell me if he has made love to thee.—This I have a right to claim of my Eliza, in return for the right which I have given her, of claiming anything and every-thing of me.—I hope the pianoforte keeps in tune or, at least, with the directions I gave thee, that thou art able to tune it thyself. May it oftentimes, with its soft notes, turn thine ear from the dashing of the billows!

With the friendly society, which, I flatter myself, you now possess,—the little amusements with which thy cabin is furnished, the letters of thy Yorick, and the frequent reflection how much he loves thee,—thy heart may now begin to sit lighter in thy bosom.—May no sorrow ever weigh it down again!—and may the end of thy voyage prove the end of thy afflictions!

This is the votive offering which thy Yorick will breathe from his pillow to the Creator & Preserver of all Things!—To his kind care and protection I recommend thee, with my Lydia—and with myself.

Thursday Morning, 11 o'clock

at Breakfast

I HAVE, within this half-hour, received a note from Mr. — informing me, that, if I will make up my packet for the Madeiras, and let him have it on Sunday, he will take care and forward it to my Eliza. —It is not to be expressed what a kind, complacent joy has taken possession of me on account of this intelligence. This is the only pleasant breakfast I have made since thy departure; for full bitter have been my meals, and oftentimes has my bread been watered with my tears for thy sake.—This paper will soon be in thy hands:—Oh, that I could accompany it to thee! for, believe me, my dear girl, if the sea were out of the question, the distance would be nothing, and I would take my chariot of iron, and put horsemen therein, and make the wheels of it to roll rapidly towards thee.

Whenever thou writest, tell me the real state of thy mind, and of thyself: hide nothing from me: no event that concerns thee can be too minute for one who interests himself in thy welfare so much and so sincerely as I do. If thou art unhappy, tell me so, that I may console and weep over thee, and direct thy thoughts to that state where all tears will be wiped from off thy cheeks for ever. If thou dost enjoy comfort, tell me of the blessing, that I may thank Heaven for having heard my prayers.—Misery does ill to address itself to the generality of mankind, an

inhospitable race, unless it can administer flattery to some favourite and darling passion. But there is an eternal Friend who will stoop to its complaints, and oftentimes raise up earthly ones to execute the designs of mercy: and I trust, my dearest Eliza! that I am such with respect to thee; and that a wise, overruling, benignant Providence did not bind me to thee by such pure and sacred ties, but with some design to our mutual advantage.

I write to you as I wish you would write to me,—from the heart. Varnish nothing; disguise nothing. Do not study arrangement or order, but whatever sentiment, opinion, or event floats upon the mind, commit it to your paper—as I do. Letters written in this manner, with all their inaccuracies, are as superior to the studied and even admired productions I have seen and read as a meand'ring river to a Dutch canal.

The language of the head, like the wisdom of the head, is useful, and may be necessary in the mechanical drudgeries of life; but in the tender communications and reciprocal embassies of love and friendship—between Yorick and his Eliza,—all, all, believe me, is leather and prunella, but the language of the heart, and the wisdom of the heart.

In writing of the heart, it this moment occurs to me to inform thee of a little design which I meditate towards thine.—My picture, though a good likeness, does not quite satisfy me: and I should wish, since,

by the will of Heaven, you are thus separated from me, & may be so for ever, that the best possible representation of your Friend and Bramin might be continually with you.—I am resolved therefore, to have a few casts in plaister of Paris from the marble busts of me done by the celebrated *Nollikens* when I was at Rome: a couple of which I will order to be well glazed in imitation of marble, and send them to thee in the East.—The original one I intend to bequeath to Mr. — when I die, that he may perform the kind, melancholy office, of placing it on my tomb.—The likeness, you know, is very exact; and what with the picture and the busto, thy penetrating eye, may, at any time, catch the most perfect resemblance of me, and continually enliven that image which I believe to be in thy heart.

I am the more particular in this little commission I have given myself, because I have oftentimes found it impossible to recal to my memory an exact personal representation of those whom I have known longest, and loved best: nay, I have found the assistance even of well-taken portraits ineffectual; so that a fruitless attempt to recal a particular image has sometimes employed me till I have been quite low-spirited.—How it is with others in this respect I know not; and I am equally ignorant how it may be with thee:—but be that as it may, I am resolved, you see, my dear Eliza, to provide against it, by giving you every means of assisting your recollection, if it

should possess the weakness of mine.—But this declaration tells me that self-love has more to do in this little arrangement than I was at first aware of.—Be it so! I am not ashamed of,—nay, I applaud the principle, when it looks to such an heavenly object as yourself.—At all events, however, I believe, and am certain, that the present will be truly acceptable to thee;—and sure I am, that if God spares my life, I shall receive a thousand of thy grateful thanks for it.—But I will acknowledge—and what reason is there in nature why I should not—that I shall, most assuredly, add an harmless inch or two of importance to myself from this pleasing business. At this moment I anticipate the tender satisfaction I shall feel in packing the bustos for their voyage, and—as I shake the last whisp of hay into the case that contains them—in bidding them bear my most kind and affectionate greetings to Eliza.

They are already arrived!—and I see thee, with a gentle hand, and a most lovely impatience, assist in forcing open the case wherein thy Yorick placed them.—Thy anxious fears are removed;—they have not received the least injury, and are carried immediately, by thy order, into thine own closet.—Agitated by a thousand tender sentiments, and with tears in thine eyes, I see thee enter to them, and, having locked the door upon thyself and them, I behold thee, with thy silk handkerchief, wipe the dust from off their faces; and, having gazed tenderly

upon them for a few moments, and pressed a chaste kiss upon both their foreheads, thy gentle nature can hold out no longer—and thy tears gush forth in streams from their sacred fountains.—Thy Bramin, my dearest Eliza! receives thy tears as the grateful tribute of affection—He mingles his own with them.

Friday Night, 10 o'clock

I HAVE been racking my invention this whole day for something to send thee, which may add to the stock of thy little pleasures and satisfactions during thy voyage.—Books you have already, sufficient for every purpose of profit and amusement. —Indeed, beyond a certain number of select authors, books become a real burthen. I should except those who are employed in the trade of reading; for they, poor souls! must have their tools to work withal.

A great book, says the Greek Philosopher, is a great evil.—You may laugh, and tell me you suppose I think so, & wish the world to be of the same opinion, as I have formed my own works into such small volumes, that a man of a moderate despatch in reading may get rid of half-a-dozen of them in a morning. I tell thee, hussey, that every writer should have some regard to the eyes and convenience of his reader, & not give him a book which is so large that

he cannot move it out of his study, and has a print so small, that he may repent of having read it, with tears in his eyes, as long as he lives.

I have myself met with some of these merciless authors, or more merciless printers; for the fault is more generally in the latter than the former, who, under a pretence of giving what they call a good penny-worth, have occasioned my eyes so much pain in the perusal of their diminutive types, that I have wished all their publications, without reserve, were bundled together with Rabelais' Decretals of the Church, and, being used in the same necessary business, might produce the same unpleasant effects. —What they were, unless you have read Rabelais' works, which I believe is not the case, you cannot tell;—nor does it signify.—You need not think about it; for, if you were to guess an hour every day during your whole voyage, it would be of little consequence: and if I were really to tell you, though there is no harm in it, and your physician says worse things to you every time you see him, —and tho' I am your friend, and ought to have more privileges, in every respect, than one who is paid by you for an occasional attendance,—yet I well know that you would, half smiling at the same time, cry out, 'Tristram! Tristram! I fear you are going to be naughty;' and so on.—Thus I become silent, and your curiosity is——I will not say what, but return to my subject,—from whence, indeed, I

have contrived to stray, so far, that by your leave, I must look back a few lines to see what it is like —O!—I have it!

—Besides, though my books are small, I mean that their contents should be extensive.—I did not write merely to be read,—but to be studied. Every page requires study,—and the reader who does them and me justice, will not get through the smallest of the volumes so soon as its external appearance may lead him to imagine.—It is not the number of leaves or words which constitute the real bulk of the volume, —but the matter it contains; and there may be many a book which a man might carry in his breeches— what the deuce am I writing?—in his waistcoat pocket, or a lady in her workbag, which, when measured by this just rule of dimension, would be found of a much larger size than many a cumbrous folio which sleeps—and may all such for ever sleep— on the shelf of some college library!

And further,—if I do not deceive myself,—& my writings convey those sentiments and feelings which I mean they should,—the reader will not be sorry that the volume which contains them is of so small dimension as to be put in his pocket and not burthen his sober walk.

To tell thee the truth, Eliza, I wrote for the wise, & not for fools:—and when I am dead and gone, the petty petulance of snappish snarling critics will be over, and my books will have justice done them by

men whose applause will honour them, & make the bay-tree flourish over my grave.

So much for *Tristram Shandy!*—& now for thee, my dearest Eliza!—the fairest volume of nature's works! —I, who read so many of them declare thy superior excellence.—There is not a page of thee, which, when I repeat it, does not make me better.—How much I am indebted to thee!—Indeed, I cannot tell how much; nor how inadequate my expressions are to what I think of and feel towards thee, thou most charming and gracious of thy sex!

I have been dining to-day where you were the subject of some hours conversation.—People who used to be entertained by me, now find me dull upon every other, and, therefore, start it for their own sakes.—Touch this string, and I am instantly awake to every delicious sensation.—There is a magical power in thy name which is irresistable:—at least I find it so;—and long, very long may it continue! for when this charm loses its influence over me, I shall begin to entertain very despicable notions of myself; and self-contempt is the last finishing of human depravity.—Not one of the company with whom I passed this afternoon were so happy as to know thee; —& now there is not one of them but is unhappy because he did not know thee.—I talked and chaunted of my goddess for two hours together; and should have continued the pleasing strain, had not an impertinent hoarseness taken possession of my speech,

and made me silent:—for thy praises, which no trumpet could speak too loud, were not to be rendered imperfect by my whisperings. But do not, my dear, imagine, I beseech you, or have any the least apprehensions that I profane your name by a common and promiscuous use of it.—Trust, trust thy Yorick in this and every-thing which concerns thee.—You know that I am not unacquainted with the human character, and can judge tolerably well of mankind:—rest, therefore, assured that I will never suffer thy name to glide from my lips into any ear that I do not believe, nay, know to be the avenue to a good heart; and, in such a sanctuary, whenever and wherever I may find it, I will at all times deposit thy virtues.

There are few women I ever mention thy name to!—And when the generality of them, which is often the case, mention thy name to me, I always answer with that kind of civility which precludes all further enquiry.—I must tell my Eliza, though it is but a melancholy truth, that she is not to be trusted with her own sex:—for, I fear, it sometimes happens that they who do not possess exalted virtues themselves, are disposed to envy them in others, and indulge their jealous spirits in very low, dishonourable, and pernicious gratifications.—Though the graces and many of the virtues are represented, by the poets, under forms of Women,—so are also the Furies and many of the Vices.—Thou art a bright emblem of all

the former!—and should I swerve from truth, think you, if I was to hint that there are those of your sex who would, to the life, represent the latter?—I have reason to think thou hast had a woeful experience, which would make thee sigh, and answer,—No!—No!

May thy good angel preserve thee from all false friends and secret enemies;—and may that tongue be blistered which joins dishonour to Eliza's name! Nay, thou poor, persecuted damsel, be not afraid!—I will furbish up my armour,—and sharpen my spear—and brighten my target,—and put a new vizor to my helmet, and be thy knight,—and sally forth, my fairer Dulcinea, in defence of thy injured virtue,—fearless of the most furious monsters or monstresses who may attack me.—That must be a brave foe indeed who dares me to the combat! Conquer he cannot;—for God will weaken the arm that aims another dart at bleeding innocence.—Those wounds, which you have already received, have, I hope, well nigh lost their anguish.—If not, let thy Yorick pour the pure oil of love and friendship into them:—it will give thee ease, and perhaps, close them up:—and when thou dost, sometimes, view the scars which they leave behind—think not of their malice who gave the wounds,—but of that loving-kindness which healed them for ever.—Adieu!—The clock, which stands before me on the table, tells me it draws near to the twelfth hour.—At the midnight watch, Eliza,—I think on thee!

Saturday Morning, 10 o'clock

I'll tell thee a story, my dear girl!—and I do it the more readily, because I think it will give thee comfort, and help to create a good opinion in you of that order of men of whom you now see so much.—I mean the seamen.—This I wish you to entertain; for there is not anything which will be found to add so much to the comfort and the honour too of life, as the possessing favourable sentiments of those with whom we are to pass the time of it.

They beget kindly dispositions; and from them spring mutual good offices,—and with these life passes on gladly and profitably,—and as it ought to do.—Oh, that I could pass mine, Eliza, in thy presence,—then would my heart rejoice! Without thee I may—nay, I will be resigned,—for it is my duty; tho' I am afraid that I shall not be quite contented.

—But to the story!—

A few mornings ago,[1]—I remember it was a rainy one,—as I was passing hastily through one of the narrow streets in Westminster, I was very much struck with a melancholy figure of a blind man, who was singing a song of love.—Misery could not have

[1] This story has already appeared in a little local work, called the *Philosopher in Bristol;*—but although it may be found there,—yet as it was originally written for these volumes, it stands in its proper place. This acknowledgement, it is presumed, will, in the opinion of the candid reader, save the Editor from the imputation of purposely making any one pay twice for the same thing.

found, among the number of distressed mortals, a form more suited to her nature.

While I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, & comparing it with the strain which necessity compelled him to chaunt;—a sailor, who came whistling along the street with a stick under his arm, stopped and purchased a ballad.—God preserve you, whoever you are, said the blind man; for I have not tasted bread this blessed day:—when the sailor, looking round him, on a sudden sprung up four steps into a baker's shop near which he stood,—and, returning immediately, thrust a small loaf, silently, into the poor man's hand,—and went off whistling as he came.

I was so affected with this truly noble act of generosity that I called the honest seaman back to me,—and taking the little silver I had about me, which, I think, was but four shillings,—Thy nobleness of soul, said I, and the goodness of thy heart, my lad, which I have just seen so bright an instance of, makes me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve.—However, I must beg your acceptance of this trifle, as a small testimony how much I admire thy generous nature.—God bless your noble honour, said the sailor, and thank you!—but we will divide the prize money fairly;—so, stepping back to the blind-man, he gave him half of it,—and, clapping him on the shoulder at the same time, he added withal,—There are two shillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for

which you are not obliged to me, but to a noble gentleman who stands within five yards of you:—so get into harbour and make thyself warm,—and keep thy humstrum for fair weather. Then giving his hat a quick waver over his head,—he thanked me again, and went nimbly down the street.

I shall not, my Eliza, make any observations upon this little story,—but leave thy excellent heart to make them for itself.—I trust, however, that, when thou seest any of thine own seamen,—thou wilt think of mine;—and, as often as thou mayest reflect upon this deed of generosity,—I desire that you will think it can only be equalled by the kind affection of

Thy YORICK

In the Afternoon

Why should I let any quarter of an hour pass by me,—I mean a sentimental one,—without adding to my journal, more especially as it must so soon be dispatched to thee? Besides, I am always the better for the employment.—Indeed, I seldom or never think of thee, Eliza, but it is with a complacency of spirit which kindles the finest, gentlest feelings of the heart:—and I never experience a greater luxury of sentiment than when I am calling thee to my remembrance!—and when I have thus brought thee before me, I kneel down,—and count over thy virtues with more devotion than a Carthusian does his beads;—and at every one of them I offer a petition to Heaven

that they may be continued to thee, with all thy charms and graces, 'till you join the spirits of your fathers.

—When I am at Coxwold in the summer,—what a sweet companion will thy idea be unto me; and what new pleasures will it afford me when I go to visit my nuns!—I give this title to an afternoon pilgrimage I frequently make to the ruins of a Benedictine Monastery, about a mile and a half from my cottage.

These remains are situated on the banks of a clear gliding stream; on the opposite side whereof rises a bold ridge of hills, thick with wood—and finely varied by jutting rocks and broken precipices;—and these are so very abrupt, that they not only by their magnitude, but by the shade they cast, encrease the solemnity of the place.—Many parts of the ruin are still entire; the refectory is almost perfect, and great part of the chapel has hitherto defied the power of time.—A few bunches of alders grow fantastically among the broken columns and contrast, with their verdure, the dark green ivy which clings to the walls. —But it is not all solitude and silence!—A few cottages are scattered here and there in the suburbs of this venerable pile, which has, I suppose, furnished the materials for erecting them.

To this place, after my coffee, unless prevented by inclement skies, I guide my daily steps. The pathway leads, by a gentle descent, thro' many beautiful enclosures and embowering thickets,—which gradually

prepare the mind for the deep impressions which this solemn place never fails to make on mine.—There I rest against a pillar till some affecting sentiment brings tears upon my cheek:—sometimes I sit me down upon a stone, and pluck up the weeds that grow about it,—then, perhaps, I lean over a neighbouring gate, and watch the gliding brook before me, and listen to its gentle murmurs; they are oftentimes in unison with my feelings. Here it is that I catch those *sombre* tints of sentiment which I sometimes give to the world—to humanize and rob it of its spleen.—Here it is, Eliza, that, reflecting on what is most excellent in nature,—I shall sigh for thee!

If Heaven, my child, would be so gracious to me as to guide thy feet to my habitation,—thou shouldest accompany me to these my solitary haunts.—I would introduce thee to every embowered arch, and every rugged stone;—and not a single shrub, which shelters itself from the blast within these venerable walls, but should be thy acquaintance, as it has been mine.—Here you would always see me in my real character which you know is a grave one; though few people will believe me when I tell them so.—Alas, Eliza! ten times a day do I lament my weakness, which suffers me to be so led away by my spirits and my folly as to give them cause to doubt my assertion.—I think, my dear, I will take thy advice,—be content with the thousands of fools I have made laugh,—close my accounts on that score,—live less

to the world, I mean to the asses of it,—and more to myself.—Sometimes I have had a thought of putting up my hobby horse and cap with bells to public auction;—and I doubt not but some one would be found among the herd of wealthy fools, who, like the silly purchaser of Epictetus's lamp, would give more for them than they are worth an hundred times told. —Indeed these baubles have been a mine of gold to me;—but their real intrinsic value is so small, that I am almost ashamed of myself for having passed them for sterling currency.

I am not quite clear whether this thought owes its birth to the suggestions of my own vanity, or the disgust I have to the herd of money-getting, and money-spending fools.—I always despised them; but I never do it so thoroughly and so much from the bottom of my heart, as when I have been conversing with my nuns, and learned from them, that all the bustle of ambition, the pursuit of fame, and the desire of riches, are but vanity, and what is worse, vexation of spirit:—that the only laudable source of pride is the little good we can do to one another;— and that to love our neighbour, to fear our God, and be resigned to his dispensations, form the best security against the calamities of life, and will alone enable us to pass with comfort, thro' the valley of death, to a better and eternal world.

May we, my Eliza, meet together there!

Amen, and Adieu.

Sunday Morning

As I am to deliver my pacquet to Mr. — this evening, I mean to pass the whole of the day in enlarging and compleating it.—I have just read all that it hitherto contains, and am satisfied that it will give thee pleasure; and, what is more and better, will afford thee consolation.—It will assist you, my child, when your own doubts and perplexities prevent you from assisting yourself.

To speak my real sentiments, I know of no source from whence you could draw such good and salutary counsels as from your own wisdom, provided you will have confidence in it, and trust to it.—But knowing as I do, how small a share of resolution you have on that score,—and to what wavering and difficulties you are subject,—I have interwoven in this journal, and shall continue to do in all my future ones, such admonitions as every possible exigency, into which thou shouldest happen to fall, may require.—They are such as thou wouldest have given thyself,—if thy resolution in thine own concerns was equal to that which thou hast shewn in the cause of others.—They are good and will avail thee!—My Eliza will find them a balmy cordial in her spiritless and dejected moments.

Hope all things!—I say, hope all things!—And as this is Scripture,—And it is Sunday into the bargain, —I will make it my text,—and preach thee a farewel sermon upon it.

'Hope all Things!'

Some will tell you perhaps, my fair and dear hearer, that hope is but a delusion,—an *ignis fatuus*, which, if you follow it, will lead you into the most fatal errors and perplexities.—Believe me, I have no greater hopes of people who advance this doctrine, than they seem to have for themselves:—for, be they who they may, or whatever title they may have obtained in the world for Knowledge & Philosophy, they can have no pretensions to either, as Reason & Religion will convince them, if they make the enquiry, that the best and noblest actions of human nature arise from the influence of that affection and principle, whose excellence they doubt:—and, if they think it a mark of superior talents to deceive others, and to sport with the weakness and credulity of their fellow-creatures, they are not only foolish, but criminal, in endeavouring to poison those springs from whence every rill of human comfort flows.—They are themselves the *ignes fatui*, the delusive vapours, which, hovering over the marsh and the bog from whence they arise, lead the bewildered traveller to his destruction.

There are numbers of weak, bold persons in the world, who have acquired a character of some eminence for knowledge and discernment, by nothing more than a daring opposition to popular opinions, and an audacious denial of established truths.—Ignorance, assisted by a low cunning, which very

often accompanies it, may imagine, that if it can but join itself to some kind of singularity, it may pass for knowledge:—and so it may—among fools;—the wise know better; they soon discern the trick, and treat the vain pretender with the contempt he deserves. I have met with many of these gentry in my time, and exposed not a few of them:—they know me now,—and avoid me. To suppose that life could subsist without Hope, or that it is beneath the dignity of human nature to cultivate or encourage it, is an idea which could enter into the wishes of none but the weakest or worst of men,—a dream which can only play upon the most enthusiastic fancy.—*Rochefocault*, who is a declared enemy to the dignity of our nature, and, of course, to those passions which were implanted in us to exalt it,—even he allows Hope to be of some use; for, with all its deceitfulness, he observes that it conducts us, as we travel through life, a more easy and pleasant way to our journey's end.—Alas! Alas! my Eliza, Hope never deceives us;—it is we who deceive ourselves.

Imagine yourself, if you can, for a moment, to be without passion or affection;—and, instead of exalting human nature, you degrade it into a machine of human construction.—This spiritless, vapid, and inert state of being, is a picture of the Quietism which occasioned such long and violent disputes in the last century in France.—*Madame de Guyon*, a young and beautiful widow, had inflamed her imagination to

such an height as to fancy herself superior to every passion and affection;—that she was the actual spouse of Christ, etc.—with many other absurdities equally visionary and fantastic.

When she first imagined herself to be thus spiritualized, and began to declare her mysterious doctrines,—she was, as I have already observed, a widow, and very handsome;—and her personal charms, it may be very naturally supposed, afforded no small assistance in procuring her a few temporary converts. —She contrived, indeed, to fill the mind of her most intimate friend, *Father De la Combe*, so full of her own unintelligible, perplexing notions, that he died in a state of distraction;—and, for a time, she even poisoned the tender and refined genius of the amiable Fénelon.—But, when her beauty faded, her followers melted away; and, with her last confinement, her fanaticism was forgotten, or only remembered as an instance of the strange caprices to which the human mind is subject, when deserted by reason,—and under the irregular impulse of a lively, heated imagination.

The opinion of the French philosopher, that Hope is deceitful, is too generally adopted.—People are glad to have something to which they may turn the load of those censures which ought to fall upon themselves;—and therefore, are very apt to give qualities to the passions which only belong to them when they are ill-directed or unrestrained.—It is undoubtedly

true,—for the best authority informs us,—that the heart, which is the spring of every passion, is 'deceitful above all things'.—Now, if this be the case,—and every hour's experience brings a conviction that it is so,—does it not become our business, and is it not our real interest, so to regulate all its powers and principles that they may never exceed the bounds allotted them by Reason & by Virtue.—When our passions are suffered to take an improper bias, and to proceed, in their own way, to gratification, then they become, instead of real delusions, delusive realities, that hurry us away into excess and error;—not, however, from their own inherent power,—but our inattention or indulgence.

I have been led, I believe, to treat this matter with more formality, and in a graver tone than was my first purpose;—but I judge it to be necessary, from the knowledge and fear I have of your opinions in these matters,—and the principles of some fanciful, ingenious, and plausible writers, whom I know you have studied with a very particular and partial attention.—But I will endeavour to enliven the subject!

When I was a poor curate, and a poorer Vicar in Yorkshire, and confined, by necessity, to my cottage,—I cultivated, as far as the chill hand of poverty would let me, a little knowledge of painting, and music; and was, really, a very tolerable proficient in both, considering my situation, and how unfavourable it was to such elegant attainments.—

At this time, whether from vanity, or what other motive, I have now forgot,—in a rash moment, I made a promise to a lady that I would exert my best skill in painting a fan for her:—and when I desired she would honour me so far as to name the subject, she gave me the choice of three,—Love,—Friendship, —and Hope.

The first was so trite and common, that I, at once, passed it by!—The second possesses such complicated emblems, that any picturesque representation of it would not be easily understood!—I therefore determined upon the last.—The figure of Hope, as a simple appearance, is well known:—a tall female figure, in a flowing robe, and resting upon an anchor is a very obvious and familiar picture of this passion. —But my pencil, weak as it was, disclaimed the idea of a simple representation, as beneath it; and, in a vain moment I resolved to try my skill in composition, and display the passion by some natural and pleasing employment of it, wherein a group of figures might appear to advantage.

Various were the images which fancy held up before me for selection.—At one time I thought of representing a man sitting upon a rugged precipice jutting into the sea, with Hope at his side, pointing to a distant sail which might behold his signals, and transport him from the horrors of a desolate island. —At another time I had sketched a poor, worn-out figure of an emaciated old man, crawling towards

the cave of death:—weak and feeble, he rested upon an anchor, which Hope, who assisted his tottering steps, might be supposed to have given him;—at the same time directing his attention to the sun, which was represented as rising, with great brightness, beyond the cavern.—But I was not satisfied with allegory;—and wished to adopt some well-known story, where the passion is supposed to have operated to some purpose of virtue.

While this idea preponderated, Penelope, the chaste Penelope, presented herself before me, with a countenance expressive of a thousand anxious wishes for the return of her Lord.—On this hint I began my work.—I placed the faithful Princess at her tapestry, on a fold whereof, which fell from the table, appeared the word *Ithaca*, which at once precluded explanation.—She was in the attitude of turning her head towards Hope, who leaned upon the chair behind her, and was pointing, at the same time, to the work of her loom, whereby she had so long deluded the alternate threats and entreaties of her suitors; while the kind directress turns her attention to a distant view of the sea, wherein a vessel appeared to denote the return of Ulysses.

This design I finished with all my care, and gave it, with much pleasure, into the fair hand to whose use it was dedicated.—That hand, alas! has long been mouldered into dust;—and where this trifling, but favourite, child of mine art is transferred I

cannot learn.—If I could, by any means, recover it, I would endeavour to revive its faded colours, and send it to thee,—at once to preserve thy mind from the anxieties of doubt and apprehension,—and thy face from the burning rays of an Indian sun.—It was my design, that this fan should bear a lesson, in every breeze, to the excellent young person who received it at my hands; and she oftentimes and most kindly told me,—that my pious design was more than answered.

Perhaps, as I am preaching, I ought to have supported Hope with Faith and Charity! But Charity, I well know, is thine,—and pervades every vessel of thy heart:—and Hope, without Faith to direct her, clings still to the earth, and cannot reach the skies. —Take care, therefore, my dear sister, and aid her flight to Heaven!

But you will smile and tell me—that the last flirt of my fan has blown every idea of a sermon out of your brain. It is a sermon nevertheless;—not for the world, I acknowledge,—but for thee!—I am not now exercising my pastoral care over my flock at large, —but on one poor ewe lamb, who is divided from the fold.—Open thy heart, then, to receive my instructions, and hope all things.—Leaving, then, the objects of time behind us, we will make this affection to soar above, and guide our hearts to an eternal world.— There is comfort, indeed, which cannot be taken away.

Ask that pale, dejected form why so full of sorrows? —She will tell thee that the husband of her love, the

tender partner of all her joys, is snatched from her in the bloom of his years, and their happiness,—and laid low in the grave.—Enquire further,—why she turns her streaming eyes to Heaven?—and she will tell thee, that she hopes to meet him there!

Hope is the foundation of every noble action of man!—Without it,—we should be without courage, perseverance,—fortitude, industry,—friendship, love, and even patience,—that kind and gentle virtue.—It is the life of all religion,—and christianity rests upon it.—Without Hope, how sore must be the burthen to the 'heavy-laden'!—Without Hope, where can calamitous Virtue look for its balm or its recompence!—If this affection were to be rooted out of the heart,—Despair would ever tread upon the heels of Sorrow,—and every Care would bring a poniard in its hand to destroy its wretched being; while Man would become a self-assassin throughout the world,—and Nature herself grow pale at the horrid and bloody desolation.

A Hope in the mercies, and a firm Trust in the assistance of an almighty and faithful Being, will ever produce chearfulness, patience, and all those dispositions of mind which alleviate the pains and misfortunes we are not able to remove.—May this Hope and Trust be ever thine!—May they support thee during thy voyage,—and sweeten every hour of thy future life!

A Being whose time is short and uncertain, and

whose pleasures are, at best, but very precarious, has need of some aid to direct him to where life will be eternal, and pleasure for evermore.

I am afraid, my dearest child! that thou wilt have little to comfort thee in this world but the Hopes of a better.—Rest then upon them!—They will be a refuge to thee in the stormy wind and tempest!—When friends forsake, and foes insult thee,—they will be a rock of support, and a powerful shield against all thine enemies.—Encouraged and strengthened by them, thou wilt lay down thy weary head in peace on the grave's cold pillow;—and when thou shalt awake from the sleep of death,—Hope will be no more!—its task will be accomplished,—it will have borne thee to the skies, and be lost in the fruition of a blessed eternity.

God grant,—and I pray in his infinite mercy,—that this may be the happy lot of us both!

Amen!

Thus saith the preacher!—but I must hasten to a conclusion.—

It is impossible for thee, Eliza, to hear from me again till you are arrived in India,—and thy happiness and misery in this world fully determined.—You have obeyed his commands whom it was your duty to obey.—May a cherishing affection, and a tender loving-kindness, be the reward of thy obedience!—What can I say more?—I have continued writing to the last moment,—and yet I know not how

to have done!—If thou wast returning to England instead of departing from it, I might venture on a voyage to the Madeiras to meet thee, Eliza, and give thee the convoy of love, of friendship, to mine own home.—But that, my dear, is impossible—and time presses on me!—I conjure thee, therefore,—and perhaps for the last time,—to love me.—Study my counsels,—reverence thyself, and trust in Heaven!—Adieu,—my charming friend!—These are tender moments!—but the time is not far distant when thou wilt sympathise with them,—and by thy tears, sanctify those which now gush from the eyes of thy most affectionate

YORICK

P.S. I will not seal my packet 'till I have read it, or, at least, some parts of it, to the —— ; —and while the servant is gone for a chair to convey me to them,—I shall make a request to thee,—or rather repeat one I made to thee some time ago:—That you will take these letters, and all that thou shalt receive hereafter, if I live to write thee any more,—with those you already have in your possession, and having shaped them into a book,—write on the title page—Eliza's Manual—written by Yorick, for her daily comfort, and meditation.—May it do thee good! I trust and believe it will!—Once more then, fare thee well! Peace and comfort, and joy, my Eliza, dwell in thine heart!—Again fare thee well!—May the blessings of this day be upon thee!

ELIZA TO YORICK

On Board the *Earl of Chatham*,
in the Downs

SICK and heartless as I am, my Bramin! I should not have sat down to write to you, but that your picture, which now hangs before me, seems to cast a tender look of reproach, and chide my delay.—But, under my present bitter oppressions, I cannot write, or think, or do anything but weep,—and, when my eyes refuse their waters,—sigh forth my lamentations.

As I look from my cabin, I see the white cliffs of Albion lift their heads above the sea, and defy its power:—but, alas, I may see them no more!—a friendly gleam of sunshine darts, at times, from between the clouds, and, illuminating the scene before me, gives my enraptured eye a bright prospect of verdant fields, spreading thickets, and glittering spires.—But the rapture which sparkles in my eye is drowned in a starting tear, when the envious clouds cast a shade over them all:—sad presage of my future destiny, that I shall never behold them again!—Once more it brightens for a moment,—and I apply to the telescope, which I had made ready for any favourable opportunity.—I have distinctly seen the cottage, the farm, and the village; with the happy, innocent inhabitants, busy in their various occupations:—but my eyes are so weak with weeping,—

that they will not bear an exertion;—and, I believe, the friendly tube will offer its future aid in vain.

Happy shepherd, who feedest thy flock upon the mountain, and lookest down upon the tides below thee!—Happy art thou!—Nor winds bear thee away from those who love thee,—nor does thy life shudder beneath the contending elements.—When the storm comes,—thou hurriest, like the halcyon, to thy shelter in the rock;—and, when it has blown its blast, thou comest forth from thy retreat, and, sitting upon the cliff, dost breathe some pleasant strain upon thy pipe,—and thy flocks feed around thee! Happy people!—I would that I had a cot in your village,—and that my Bramin was your Bramin:—then I would never trust the billows of the sea,—or the more dangerous billows of the world again,—but pass a blameless life with him and you;—and, I think, we might find, together, the way to heaven.

Your letter reached the ship this morning at a very early hour:—and, as I did not expect any further tidings of my friends while we remained here, I had given particular and positive orders, as I had been of late so much harrassed, that I should never be disturbed when in bed;—and they were so well obeyed, that the boat was returned to shore some time before I received this unexpected but welcome token of your affection:—I should otherwise most assuredly have acknowledged, tho' it had been upon a card, your fond kindness, and your sad farewel. But it is

now impossible—for the wind is fair,—and we only wait the tide to hoist sail and begone.—I make no enquiry, but from the bustle around me, the time, I believe, draws nigh.

Your epistle, my friend, is very affecting indeed!—though, could I answer it now,—I should return you deeper sighs, and louder lamentations.—I leave a country which I love,—and am bound for a land which I hate:—I quit those shores where health smiled upon me,—and I hasten to a burning clime, whose noxious blasts have already tainted me:—I leave England, where I have friends—whose hearts are equal to any that were ever warmed by the flood of life,—whose best services and affections have been directed to me; and I go to distant India,—where I tremble at the precariousness of these blessings.

Your sorrows are for others;—for the captive and the wretched,—the unfortunate, and the exile;—sorrows which bear balm along with them:—but mine are for myself alone.—Your grief is noble and generous;—mine is narrow and selfish,—and, great as the hoard is,—I am a very glutton, and only feed my own heart with it.—You possess a splendid fame, which shines around you,—and not a sun arises from the other hemisphere, but beholds its encreasing brightness;—you possess a thousand present friends, to comfort and to solace you in sickness or distress:—but I have no fame!—I have no present friends; and

in sickness or distress,—amid the whistling winds and hurrying waves,—whom has your Eliza to solace and to comfort her?

To Heaven, then, I turn my eyes, and implore its benign protection!

Thou merciful Father!—soften, if it be thy will, the sharpness of those sorrows which thy justice has inflicted upon me!—Thy mercy is infinite:—to thy infinite mercy I address my petition,—that it may calm my troubled spirits,—and hush them into peace!

—A small gleam of comfort seems already to break in upon my heart from this short invocation.—Oh, my friend! what weak, wretched, ignorant, ill-judging creatures we are, that we should not suffer any motives to lead our thoughts to the comfort of another world, but the sorrows of this.—Afflictions, you have often told me, are blessings in disguise:—if this be true, early affliction may, in its effects, be rightly accounted early happiness.—It requires, without doubt, a great share of resolution, and a very resigned spirit, to be satisfied with this view of human sufferings:—but great sufferings, if properly considered and applied, beget the necessary resolution;—and, I believe, it is a declaration in some of your sermons,—however, I have read it somewhere,—that when God sends trials, he sends strength.—While I write, I begin to find, thank Heaven! a confirmation of this truth in my own breast, which is as a reviving cordial

to me.—I will ever have recourse to it, as you have often and tenderly advised me, when affliction, however bold it may have grown by my submission, begins its work of tyranny.

These, my Master, are the sentiments which now flow warm from my heart;—and I hope you will not think them unworthy of your most grateful and obedient disciple.—But some one knocks at my door,—and I am told that we are under sail.—While, then, it is in my power, I must write Adieu!—The motion of the ship may shortly affect me with its usual violence.—Ere, then, my head grows giddy, or my hand trembles, I bid you farewel!—Believe me, I will pay a most dutiful obedience to all your commands!—I will read your letters every morning,—and look at your picture every hour:—thus by joining the counsels and the features of my friend together, he will be, as it were, present with me.

As I have powers and opportunity, you may be assured that I shall continue to write my Journal as you have desired me:—and if any ship bound for England should cross us in our passage, I will endeavour, with the few smiles I have left, to bribe our commander, that he may slacken his sails, and contrive to send it to you.—As I turn my eyes to my cabin-window, the blue hills of Britain seem already to disappear! I could say,—yes, I could say,—Turn, ye winds!—and linger ye tides!—but I will change my note and sing,—Blow ye winds! and roll on ye

tides!—for the swifter you bear Eliza away, the sooner she will return to her friends, her Yorick,—and herself!

Adieu!

In the Channel

As I look upon the distant coast of France, I cannot but think of you, and thank its salubrious southern clime for having so frequently restored you to health and strength.—If you find the English winter too cold for your frame, and too oppressive to your lungs, I hope that no considerations will ever induce or influence you to mope about in the fogs of London; but that you will let the Dover machine whirl you to the sea-coast,—and the packet-boat take you to Calais;—from whence, in some easy chaise, you may set off to woo health where you have so often found her.—But my head, I believe, has caught the motion of your wheels;—so I must have done.

Off the Madeiras

This is the first time since our departure from the Channel that I have been able to take up my pen for the purpose of serious writing:—a few casual thoughts, which I was afraid of losing, with some dates, etc., form the whole of my literary productions since that time.—The weather was frequently so boisterous that it was impossible to write;—and, at

other times, I have been so ill and powerless,—that I was entirely disabled from holding my pen.

The tossings of the Bay of Biscay made me sick for a week.—However, I am now, in a great degree, recovered,—and the sight of land, with the hopes of hearing from my friends, as they promised, during our stay at this island, has animated me with many comfortable and pleasing expectations.—With the omen, therefore, of better spirits than I have known for some time, I begin my Journal;—and, as I shall write an account of all little events which have already happened, and may occur in the future part of my voyage,—to our common friends the * * *, I shall not repeat them to you,—but confine myself to the affairs of my mind, and the interior state of your Eliza.

To accomplish this task with satisfaction to myself and to you,—and to improve and exalt my thoughts as I go along,—I shall, as I read your letters, enlarge upon them, and spin out my slender thread from your solid gold.—Thus a kind of sentimental commerce will be established between us,—and, from your solid materials, I will employ my fancy in working up such little elegant toys and ornaments as shall suit your taste, and make you wish to employ me in the same manufacture again and again:—and, if I find your ore does not last my voyage, I must have recourse to my chest of books, and borrow from thence, till I receive a fresh supply from you.

You know that I had read some of the best authors in the English language before I knew you;—I mean such as are, generally, recommended for women's reading.—They delighted me,—and I thought that in the study of them I was laying in a great store of elegant knowledge, and refined wisdom.—The former might, in a very small degree, be true; but as for the latter, it was an entire fallacy;—and I owe the discovery of it to yourself.

I was no sooner acquainted with Yorick, than I learned to make the distinction between the parade of fine sentiments, dressed up in form, and finished with labour,—and the language of the heart.—*Pope* pleased me with the keen thoughts, beautiful polish, and correct expression of his Letters; nor was I less delighted with the lively style, and gallant turn of the easy *Voiture*.—But I had not received three of yours, before I had discarded my two favourites to the uppermost shelf of my bookcase. I had seen Nature in every dress,—in the savage rudeness of the uncultivated mountain, and exquisitely adorned by Taste and her disciple *Brown;*—I had beheld her warm from the pencil of *Reynolds;*—and had heard her speak in a sublime and affecting voice, in the plays of *Shakespeare*, when *Garrick* delivered him to the public:—but I never read the language of Nature, at once familiar, refined, and exalted, with the best feelings and dispositions about her of which she is capable,—till I knew you.

I had read and admired some of your writings long before I had seen you.—Indeed, they possess some touches so exquisite,—some pictures so striking,—I may add, sublime,—that an heart of adamant alone could be insensible to their powers:—but there were many great, very great beauties, indeed, which the knowledge of you, and the being familiarized to your conversation, kindly unveiled to me:—nay, even among the more palpable and evident excellences, I now discerned additional strength and more varied beauty; and observed many nice strokes and hidden tints which had before escaped me.—Your conversation is the best glossary to the riddles of your book.—You keep the key of the cabinet yourself, and it is absolutely necessary to become an acquaintance in order to be admitted into it.

I am now perfectly satisfied that every word and sentence you have ever written has its *meaning* and its *moral*.—I must, also, acknowledge, that there was a time when I thought you were laughing at mankind, playing upon their weaknesses for your own emolument, and that great part of your works had neither one nor the other.—Indeed, I have met very many cunning, penetrating people, who were much disposed to discover meanings you never had, and deep strokes of satire which you never intended;—and then I gave you credit for getting a good laugh at the expence of fools and witlings, and I used to laugh with you.—I then little thought I should ever

know you; and, if an event so earnestly desired by me was ever to take place,—that I should weep with you more than I should laugh.—But so it is,—or rather, so it has been:—and why may I not hope, notwithstanding your melancholy presagings,—that it may be so again?

It may not, possibly, be a general maxim, but I am certain of its truth in regard to many particular people, yourself among the rest,—or, I should rather say, in works of a particular kind,—that a personal acquaintance with the author serves, greatly, to illustrate and explain his book;—especially where irony is a singular ingredient in the composition:—for when you are become acquainted with the manner in which a writer is used to treat his subjects; when you are familiarized to the turns of his conversation, and know his private virtues, failings, and prejudices, you have, in your possession, a better illustration of his works, than his own notes, or those of the most laborious commentator, could afford you.

—An instance of this occurs to me, which, however pedantic it may appear, I shall mention, because it does occur to me.—Besides, I have Yorick's particular injunction now strong in my memory and my heart, to write any-thing and every-thing to him. —My allusion is to a very celebrated pamphlet which, though written by an ingenious sceptic, expressly against Revelation, made more converts to the Methodists than it did to Deism.—The author

of it was not generally known, or that could not have been the case;—for, though the irony might have been so artfully managed as not to have appeared to the common herd of readers,—yet they never would have given credit to the strongest apparent arguments in favour of a system which the writer was known to oppose and treat with the greatest derision,—but would, very naturally, have imagined that there was some artful veil of disguise, some thin spun design, though they could not immediately discover it,—and, therefore, throw the book aside, with all its plausibility, as a very suspicious business.

I think it is related in the Spectator, that, when Cyrus reproached his confidential friend, to whom he had entrusted the captive Panthea, with breach of faith,—the conscious officer calmly replied,—'That every man was composed of two different natures, the good and the evil:—that in every other concern and office wherein his Prince had employed him, the former had prevailed;—but in this the latter had preponderated, and led him from the path of honour and duty.'—The young Persian, without doubt, had imbibed a warm glow of nature from the sun, which he worshipped,—and became, from thence, very susceptible of the tender passion:—in the charge of supreme beauty he failed.

—The austere virtue of Cyrus, who had himself resisted, though he feared, the charms of the beautiful

Princess, might condemn his favourite:—but I should have pitied and forgiven him.—You will tell me I am a woman, and that the excesses of love are ever venial in a female breast.—Nay, Yorick! you would have forgiven him,—I am sure you would,—and blamed your own injustice alone in placing your friend in a situation wherein you could not trust yourself.—But how is it that I stray so far from my subject?

What different characters,—or, I should rather say, what opposite dispositions exist in the same person!—Now I do not believe that any one can possibly point out a greater dissimilitude in any of the general human propensities than yourself in the world, and yourself in private society;—nay, I will go further still,—than Mr. Sterne in private society and the same gentleman in a *tête-à-tête*, or with a few select friends. In the former situation, he is gay, airy, and loquacious;—all spirits, life and whim;—full of joke, fun, and story:—in a more private society his spirits are somewhat purified by the flashes of an Attic wit:—but in a *tête-à-tête* he is himself alone,—for no one ever was or ever will be equal to him.—Here his wit is pure,—his smiles complacent,—his passions corrected—his sentiments divine.—Here I have known him;—and I would not lose this idea of my Bramin for the wide extending realms of *Indostan*, whither I am going.—Look at Mr. Sterne in the withdrawing room at Saint James's,—at the opera—or in

any of the polite circles, and you would suppose his muscles were so contrived as to be ever disposed to laugh with those that laugh.—Lead him, on the contrary, to the chamber of sickness, or the mansion of distress,—or place him, with the handkerchief in his hand, sitting beside some helpless damsel in affliction,—or take him as he is going to or returning from a visit to his nuns, as he calls it, in Yorkshire,—you would then swear to his pensive nature,—and that his whole frame was alone disposed to weep with those that weep.—Oh, how much do I wish, and how continually do I pray, that the best and heavenly propensities which he possesses, were ever uppermost in the breast of my friend!—and that those virtues in him, which I sincerely reverence, would stand aloof, and prevent the beckon of fools to lead him astray, or the flattery of knaves to betray him!

—I know you will say, as you have humorously said already, that it is a very hard thing a man may not ride what horse he pleases along the King's highroad, provided he does not splash and throw dirt upon those who are walking on either side of it; and I have heard you add withal, that every man has a right, if he pleases, once in four-and-twenty hours to put on a fool's cap and shake the bells which are sewed to it, and laugh heartily when he has done without giving reasonable cause of offence to any one.—However true this may be, Yorick, and however current it may pass with those who, provided

they are made to smile, are contented,—there is many a grave character whose applause would do you no harm, who, however he may be pleased with the curvettings of a hobby-horse, would be highly displeased to see a man in black on the back of it:—and permit me also, my dear friend, to observe, that, though many a merry joke may proceed innocently enough from beneath a cap of bells,—it will be matter of offence to all serious minds,—to see it upon a man in a cassock.

—Do let me beseech you to compleat your *Tristram Shandy* as I have heard you propose to do it;—and confine your rare genius to works of genuine sentiment and chaste wit, without the least ribaldry and expressions, at best, of dubious meaning.—When you write to the world you should not give it an opportunity of interpreting for itself.—If there are two meanings, it is not difficult to guess which will be adopted: and though the gross ideas be not in your book, but in those good people that think they find it there;—yet, as you have left a blank to be supplied from the imagination, you have given the gamesome wandering thought an opportunity to exercise itself,—for which there could not be the least occasion,—nor can there be a good excuse.

You have laid your commands upon me, and I will, most faithfully, obey them:—in my turn, let me command, and do you obey Eliza. In all your future writings, and many, many may there be! let the

spirit of your *Uncle Toby*, of *Le Fevre*, and your dying *Yorick*,—of the *Monk* at *Calais*,—of poor *Maria*,—and the peasant on the road to *Lyons*,—may that, and that alone, inspire you to bless mankind, and animate you to give a fair and unsullied splendor to your own fame.

That you may accomplish my wishes, and obey my commands, live less in the world, and more alone. —You will do justice to yourself in solitude; and, in solitude, Eliza will be less forgotten.—It is the lot, indeed, of humanity to err: the most exalted characters prove the truth of the proverb every day, and yield to fallible nature. Thus it is ordered by the wise Ruler and Disposer of all things:—when, therefore, I read that Lord Bacon prostituted his glorious talents by a servile obedience to an arbitrary Court; —when I reflect that Swift was a misanthrope,—Wharton a debauchee,—Addison envious,—and Pope spiteful;—when I see Lord * * a coward, Lord * * a tyrant,—Lord * * the slave of a party,—and Mr. Sterne upon his hobby-horse;—I naturally conclude that these great, superior, and shining characters, have some proportionate weakness annexed to them, that they may not have it in their power, if they were so inclined, to sport with the happiness, and tyrannize over the liberties of their fellow-creatures.—I wish, as far as I can, to reconcile everything to myself and my own reason; and this is the reflection with which I satisfy my mind, when I

behold such an amazing disparity in the abilities and talents of men in general, and such an inequality and fickleness in the powers and affections of the same individual.—It is the business of philosophy to discover our weaknesses, with the situation and circumstances congenial to them, and most disposed to call them forth; and to avoid all such, however flattering they may be, as the most dangerous enemies of our honour and happiness.

The Bramin should live in solitude; for it is the friend of Genius.—There, she may plume her wing, and take her flight; and when she drops a feather in the world, the world will wonder and admire, and flock to the mountain where she builds her nest, to behold her beauty.—And surely, if one, were it but one congenial spirit, who, burning with desire to see and know you, should take up his staff and make a pilgrimage to your cottage in the North, it would be more truly flattering, and redound more to your real honour, than all the idle transitory praises of the great; the vain compliments of coxcombs; and the many invitations to dinner which you receive in the metropolis.—'To live at a distance from men,' says the charming *Fénelon*, 'yet to be near enough to do them good, is acting like a benign deity upon earth.' —Now, if there ever was a mortal being who could attain this character, thou, Yorick, art the man!—Turn, then, your thoughts to the attainment of it; and I will erect an altar to your name on the shores

of the distant *Ganges*, and teach the swarthy Indians to worship you.

As you have shewn yourself so anxious for my happiness, it well becomes me to be equally solicitous for your fame.—It is my fame also; for Eliza's name is in your page, and will go down to posterity with yours.

I make no apology for what I have written:—my heart disguises nothing to you:—while it pants in my bosom, it will never cease, I hope, to practise this and every other lesson which you have taught it.—For the present, my Bramin, adieu!—

I begin to feel that I have exerted myself too much; and my spirits begin to fail me.—But the sea was calm, and my mind was calm, and not knowing how soon the tempest might agitate and disturb them both, I snatched the only opportunity I may ever have of reasoning coolly with my friend on a subject, as I conceive, of much importance to him, and which has been near my heart ever since I knew him.—I never expected to have accomplished this office of affection;—and I cannot thank Heaven enough for having permitted me to pay to you this real and unfeigned tribute of the most pure and grateful friendship.

Once more adieu!—Preserve your health;—cherish it with care:—let not your spirits hurry you into a neglect of it. I tremble at the thought and a thousand fears chill my breast at the reflection. Oh

my friend, should I see you no more! But I must have done; for, should I suffer this idea to prevail, I shall relapse: so, my dear Yorick, fare thee well! If you do not guard your health, reflect how much you will have to answer for to the world,—to yourself,—to Eliza,—and to Heaven!

Friday

How often, my dearest Bramin, have I seen your sarcastic looks when some self-sufficient orator has been haranguing, in all the importance of declamation, upon the transient state of sublunary felicity, and the fallacy of human enjoyments!—and when he had finished his pathetic harangue, how eloquent has been your silence! and when every eye has been turned towards you, full of expectation that you would take up the subject,—with what real satisfaction have I seen you throw one leg over the other and look at your handkerchief, as you sat twisting it with your hands, without suffering a word to escape your lips!

This conduct of yours has so put me out of humour with the moralizing strain, that my pen has sometimes received a check when it has been writing its little moralities to you.—But I have recollected, for my encouragement, an opinion which you once gave me to get rid of an apology I was making for my sentimental conversation, which was,—that, in large

companies, where the society must be of a mixed nature, and many individuals of it strangers to each other, the heart should be upon its guard, and not disclose its secret treasures; but reserve them for the small circle of those friendly beings who, we know, possess feeling minds, and will make reciprocal exchanges of what is most exalted in their characters. There is a conversation, you observed, for the world, as there is a dress for it; and it should be of a certain cut and fashion, according to the circumstances and situation wherein it may be necessary to put it on: but the undress of the mind, like that of the body, should be only for the friend and our own home, where the tax of formality and ceremony are not, or, at least, ought not, to be exacted.—The conclusion of your observation was too flattering to me to be mentioned here, though I shall never forget it.

Whenever, therefore, I sit down to write to you, I cannot but consider myself as alone with you and those very few worthy spirits to whom you may think it proper to communicate the subject of my letters. Under this idea, then, I give you the sentiments that occur:—but as my heart cannot be otherwise than in a pensive state, they will be spiritless and pensive also;—for what could I tell you of, that would bear another complexion? If an ocean undergoing the frequent changes of calm and agitation, and whose only apparent boundary has, for many days past, been the encircling horizon;—if this scene were to be

described by me, what would it be to you but the sad description of my own distress? If the storm was to roar beneath my pen, it would only tell you of the dangers to which I am exposed; and if the conversation of my shipmates were to compose my epistles, trifles, light as air, would meet your eyes: so that I find myself fully justified in writing to you solely and entirely from my heart. Its most secret recesses are open to your inspection; and if you were a Romish Confessor, I should not apply to an other chair but yours: my sins would be more penitentially told to your ear; and your tongue would pronounce a sweeter pardon.

To acknowledge an offence where forgiveness is a pleasure, produces a satisfaction little short of that which flows from virtuous actions:—nay, it is in itself an action of the highest virtue; it is no less than treading back the steps, where vice was our conductor, to the good from which we had been seduced. This may be a painful task, but the end is truly noble. Indeed, repentance is enjoined by religion, and the highest rewards of a future world are annexed to it: but that I shall leave to you, who are a *master in Israel*, and know these things. I only meant to speak of the real pleasure which a contrite spirit must feel, when, by an acknowledgment of its error, it has regained the place in that heart from which offence had removed it.—Oh! my friend, what a glorious, ennobling office it is to wipe away the tears from the

eyes of the penitent, and give peace to the repentant bosom.

Milton has finely described this situation when he throws *Eve* submissive at the feet of *Adam*, imploring pardon and forgiveness, which he with joy bestows. —Nothing can be more natural than this picture: indeed the great poet is said to have experienced every part of it himself;—and that, in thus describing the renewed affection of our first parents, he gave an exact representation of *Mrs Milton's* return to his bosom.

The falling out of lovers, says the old proverb, is the renewing of love. Little circumstances will frequently happen, from the weakness of human nature, to break in upon the calm state of mutual affection: —nay, I rather think that the heart, devoted to one object, becomes, by insensible degrees, more easily affected by any untoward action, however trifling, in proportion as that devotion encreases. We form expectations oftentimes, of the most uninteresting nature; these are not gratified, and uneasiness ensues. —The one party, having dwelt long upon them, has already raised them into matters of importance: the other having never considered them at all, cannot be brought to think the neglect of them as an offence worthy of reproaches. Thus a mutual dissatisfaction takes place, 'till they find the want of each other's smiles and caresses; and then the one begins to think the requisition too much, while the other is satisfied

that it ought to have been granted,—and they fly into each other's arms, more fond and enamoured than ever.—These are rapturous moments!—But when love is matured by time and experience,—when mutual confidence is fixed upon the firm and unalterable basis of steady affection,—then the heaven of this world commences; and they who have arrived at this state of united love, go on, like the sun, through a cloudless sky, and set in the serene evening of a summer's day.

Here I heave a sigh; for I am describing a lot which can never be mine. If you were a young man, I might wish it to be yours.—But wherefore should I throw away a wish upon the matter? For your glories will illuminate the horizon for ages after their parent orb has sunk beneath it, and is gone, perhaps, to enlighten other worlds.

The Madeiras

It has so happened, that some days have past since I added a line to my journal; and it is time, from a consideration of my engagement to you, as well as the comfort it affords myself, to resume the pleasing labour.

The uniform progress of the day, and, indeed, the uniformity of my sentiments with respect to you, render it a matter of some difficulty to give the variety to my letters which I could wish.—I have

already told you it was my intention to make yours the subject of my daily meditation,—and the groundwork of every thing I should write to you. But I have changed my plan, and shall reserve that employment for some of the chearless hours I am destined to know, when it will be, perhaps, my only source of consolation.

At present I am not more happy than I have been of late, but less unhappy.—I do not know whether you will understand me; but I perfectly understand myself, and believe the description to be just.—My spirits are much better than they have been since I left England, or, most probably, than they will be again.—The setting my foot upon firm ground,—the meeting with some hospitable, good people of my own country,—the recovery from a painful sickness, which had almost destroyed me,—a warm sun—the expectation of hearing from those I so dearly love, and of possessing the means whereby I may tell them so once more,—has, indeed, greatly revived me.—The person who is drowning, catches at every straw which floats upon the wave that threatens to overwhelm him;—and, in the changes of life, it often happens, that those things which, in the hey-day of enjoyment, never caught our eye, or seemed to have claim to the least attention, become the supports of a decaying happiness.—This is an wholesome lesson, and I hope to profit by it.

The children of prosperity are, in general, so

attentive to themselves and their own pleasures, that they do not afford very frequent examples of a wise submission to adverse fortune, when adverse fortune lays her hand upon them.—The eye, while it wanders over the fruitful meadows, and the swelling lawns, should not disdain the barren scene, and the dreary heath.—There are beauties in all, and it should endeavour to discover them:—for, though the swelling lawns are now our own, the time may not be far distant, when a cottage on the heath may be our only habitation;—and he who was under the influence of wisdom in the possession of the one, however great the change may be, will be certain of finding contentment in the other.

I believe there is a strong bias and propensity in the heart of man, if vanity and ignorance did not pervert them, to accommodate itself to the changes and chances of life; and that the mind possesses a power, if presumption on the one hand and despondency on the other, did not controul and weaken it, to extract the sweet drop which is ever to be found in the bitterest cup of affliction.

To contemplate his own nature, the wonders of his form, the powers of his mind, the happiness whereof he is capable, the means given him to attain it, and the end to which it is directed, is alone sufficient to make man happy.—Few, I fear, enjoy so much happiness as they might, tho' we are all of us capable of being as happy as we ought.—This may be easily

proved, without entering into the depths of abstract enquiry, by making the foregoing points the subject of our impartial consideration.—If we were to direct our minds to such objects as these, we should soon discover that the happiness whereof man is capable, is most perfectly adequate to the nature of his being, which is finite; his existence in the world, which is uncertain; and his advancement to the state for which he is created, which is immortal.—But without attending to little and ordinary disputations, there is one grand argument which, as it were, engulphs all others upon the subject.—That the world is governed by the Wisest and Best of Beings, and that he made us, and not we ourselves.—This satisfies me at once, without farther enquiry.—Indeed, it is a principle so evident in itself, and of such encouraging consideration, that, if passion did not blind their eyes, and a false wisdom seduce them from the love of plain, simple truth, men would rest upon this foundation with a certain and conscious security. —But, though it is so easy, and, one would think, so natural for the eye to look upwards, where there is help, and truth, and comfort, how apt are we to fix it upon the dust which blinds it! My indisposition to company and the being as much alone as my present situation will permit, has naturally led me into the habit of private reflection;—and, small as the sample has hitherto been, I begin to derive some sweet and tender pleasures from it, which I have seldom known

in those pursuits and employments that are generally supposed to produce them.—What a resource, my friend, does the mind possess, that, when everything lours around us, we may retire from the injustice of the world, the falshood of friends, and the strife of tongues, into ourselves, and be happy!—The star that glitters on the breast, the ribbon that hangs from the shoulder, and the plume that trembles on the crest, are vain, even to the vain owners of them, if there is not a crowd to gaze, to wonder, and to bow down.—The man who rests for happiness on his own mind, acquires so real and substantial an independence, that I much wonder our pride, which tries so many roads to superiority, does not sometimes venture upon this.—The contemplative man finds more real dignity in his shadow, than one half of those who, big with self-importance, are strutting about on the theatre of life:—or, as Mr. Addison better expresses it, 'the evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in the sight of Heaven than the march of a general at the head of an hundred thousand men'. This is a most beautiful picture of contemplative virtue, and I hope my Yorick will realize it every fine evening of his future life.

As this disposition is such a certain source of happiness, I doubt not but there is in the mind a natural bent to it; and a little thought convinces me that my conjecture is not erroneous.

When the Emperor *Charles the Fifth* expressed his

surprize at the request of one of his bravest captains to be discharged from his service, to which he had long been an honour and an example, the officer replied, 'That, between the actual exercise of his profession and his death, a soldier ought to have some interval for rest and contemplation.'—This reply is very memorable: nor is that inscription less worthy our attention, which one of the same character, who had retreated from it seven years before he died, ordered at his death to be placed on his tomb,—'That he had been many years in the world, but had lived only seven.'

The statesman, amid the arduous, the honourable labours of government, looks towards his retreat with pleasure.—The man of gain says, When I have amassed such a sum, I will leave my business to my children, buy a farm, and pass the evening of my life in the happy employment of cultivating it; securing, by these means, peace and tranquillity to my latter days.

These views or desires all arise from the principle of the mind for which I contend, though it appears in different forms, according to the difference of education and profession.—But it is the same inherent disposition, however it may be modified by external circumstances and events, which leads the wise man to his evening-walk,—takes the courtier from the levee,—and accompanies the tradesman to his country-house.—They must be little spirits,

indeed, who envy the gilded chariot, the liveried train, and the diamond's blaze, without ever looking towards an emulation of that man's virtues who has learned to think and act aright.

If there is any superiority of happiness in the vast and varied crowd of human characters, it must belong to the sober child of rational Contemplation:—if Nature has disposed him to it, he should be grateful to Nature;—and if the severest frowns of Fortune have been the means of making him think with wisdom, he may call them smiles, and bow him down before her altars.—The mind of man, however comprehensive its powers may be, and whatever activity it may possess in the exertion of them, when it has taken its flight round the ordinary circuit of human enquiry, finds rest and satisfaction alone in the sublime offices of Contemplation.

Science is a fine name, and Wisdom is a word on every-body's tongue; and what numbers there are who think names and words will give them importance, and lead to happiness!—Alas! Alas! how splendid is the ignorance of some men, and with what care and cost do they adorn it!—As their different follies prevail, some buckle their wisdom such as it is, in armour, and render it impregnable by intrenchments of hard words, and knotty points!—while others cull every daisy from the bank and every lily from the valley; distil every odorous flower of the garden to perfume and sweeten it, and even extract

essence from the dew to wash it into fairness and beauty.—Thus dressed and adorned, they hang out their puppets for admiration, and when a few passing fools grin a stupid applause, they are satisfied.

The multitude is not great, I believe, of those who think at all; but they who think aright are, I fear, but very few in number.—The right government of our thoughts is one of the most difficult as well as noblest attainments of human nature: it seems, indeed, to include the whole of human excellence. It is a science which schoolmasters cannot teach, wherein books give but little assistance, and which chiefly depends upon our own sagacity, resolution, and perseverance.

To direct the soul in the various sublime operations whereof it is capable, must be the result of much experience and capable investigation. To make it soar above the flight of passion, and disentangle it from the weight of material influence, is the business and perfection of philosophy. To study our spiritual nature, its ends and its objects, requires the still solitude of retired days; where, undisturbed, the thinking man may take his evening-walk of wisdom, while the stars glitter approbation, and the moon lights her lamp upon his meditations.—And sweet ones they must be!—for as Dr. Young beautifully expresses it,

'The soul in converse with its God, is Heaven.'

—I have done, and you may add this to the other Essays of an unfortunate Indian Lady, if my incoherences may be allowed that title.

And I have done in time, for there is notice given me of a sail from England. Thank Heaven! I shall soon hear of my friends. I am going upon deck to watch the arrival of the propitious vessel which brings me tidings of those I love.

Monday

Existence and disappointment are synonimous terms; —they mean the same thing.—Do not wonder at my impatience; the English vessel which arrived last night has brought no tidings of you.—I cannot doubt my friends;—but having so weak a phalanx to support my happiness, everything intrudes unmolested, as it were, upon my peace.—By turns I have suspected every-thing and every-body: even you have not escaped; and at the very moment perhaps, when you were meditating some action of kindness to me, I was basely arraigning you of insincerity, of forgetfulness, of unkindness.—You see I hide nothing from you; tho' I am almost persuaded that it is a real imprudence not to disguise sentiments which are a disgrace to myself, and can afford you no pleasure in the information:—but I wish to establish in your mind a positive and unchangeable opinion of my sincerity.—To effect this desirable purpose, it is

necessary to give proofs that I deserve such a favourable idea of me. When, therefore, I expose my weaknesses to your inspection, especially as I have now done it, there cannot remain a doubt in your breast that I ever deceive you, or practise even the most trifling fallacy when I am writing to you.—Believe me I do not, when I tell you how much I am disappointed and dissatisfied at not hearing from you by this ship; though I am not informed whether she could have brought any letters or not. Besides, several others are daily expected; and why should I not wait their arrival before I suffer any gloomy doubts or apprehensions to depress my spirits?—Alas! Alas! it is because I am a child, and suffer every idle fancy to frighten and distress me.—Reason is against me;—fact, I trust, and verily believe, is not for me:—why, then, should I doubt a moment?—Oh! tis inexcuseable folly.—It is indeed!—But you are good, my Bramin, and will forgive the follies of

Your Eliza

Wednesday

Your letters are now before me! They are wet with the tears of joy: I cannot answer them. What shall I write?—Your goodness oppresses me; and my heart swells with obligation and gratitude. The desire I have of expressing my feelings is so great, that it consumes itself and proves abortive. If my tears could mark the paper, I would write with them; and

they could only tell you that the sensations you wished your Journal should excite in me were realized in my very soul. I cannot reward you; but Heaven, which inspired the deed of pity, will give you a recompence.

O my friend! my counsellor! my father! soon the same quarter of the globe will not contain us!—nay, in a few weeks, if you had the wings of an eagle, you would not find me in this hemisphere. I go to the most distant parts of the world, and, in the other extremity of it, gracious Heavens!—I leave my children.

This is a string of misery which I have not touched before. Hitherto I have endeavoured to turn from it; for anguish, bitter anguish, is in its sound:—such intolerable thoughts accompany it,—that were they to be indulged, I know not whither they would hurry me; they might plunge me into the waves, and there bury Eliza and her distractions together.

Wilt thou not, Yorick! oftentimes visit my children? —Oh, tell them of their unfortunate mother!—Teach them to love and cherish the remembrance of her! Make them weep and lament her absence; and, holding up their little hands to Heaven, pray for her return!—The prayers of innocence may reach the throne of mercy, and prevail.

Gracious Heaven, protect and preserve them! Give thine angels an especial charge over their tender years! Cherish their growing virtues! Raise them

up friends; for their friend is far from them! Be a father unto them, for they are as orphans, and know not their father!—He is on a distant shore, and their banished mother cannot embrace them.—And, if it is decreed by thy providence that they shall not see me again, grant, in thy mercy, that I may have the gracious assurance of meeting them in another world, where the pangs of separation will afflict no more!

To the benign protection of Heaven, I leave their defenceless innocence; and may the God of Heaven reward those with its choicest blessings, who, from the impulse of a tender pity, or for the love they bear their wretched mother, stretch forth their hands to cherish and defend them!

In the beginning of this page, joy, a sudden thoughtless joy, had unlocked every fountain of my tears; and now a thirsty sorrow drinks them dry. Oh that they were—

The Madeiras

Several days have elapsed since I wrote the last article of my Journal: it had almost been the last of my life; for I fainted away as I was writing it; and, from what I can recollect, must have lain for a considerable time in a deplorable state of insensibility, without the least assistance.—At length, however, I was, with great difficulty, and many apprehensions of those around me, brought back to life.—Ere this the sea

might have received my cold remains into its boisterous bosom, and my spirit have, already, been the guardian angel of those I love.—Often, very often, would I have been with my Yorick.—In the freezing winter, I would have softened the biting air for him, and tempered the north-eastern blast.—For him, I would, with my wings, make a passage for salubrious gales, when the foggy damps of the night prevailed:—and when a summer-sun had wooed him to his northern retreat, I would chear his cottage with the warblings of the nightingale, and make him wonder at the unusual sounds.[1]

It is not for us to determine;—but sure, my Bramin! according to the compass of our present ideas, if there should be an interval of higher probation, between the hour of death and the great day of judgment, it is wonderfully pleasant to conceive that it might consist in the happy employment of invisibly protecting those mortals who were dearest to us on earth.—You would be one of my charge; for none of the aerial spirits would contend with me for interest in your heart, or zeal for your welfare:—my never-ceasing vigilance should protect you from evil, till Death, whose final power nothing can oppose, should deliver you from the bondage of nature, and

[1] It is observed by naturalists, that the nightingale is very seldom heard so far north as Yorkshire,—nay, the common notion supposes that this bird ceases to be tuneful on the north of the river Trent.

let you fly to join me in the heavenly office of preserving others.

I fear you will think me fanciful;—but to what better purpose can Fancy apply its powers, than in turning, for a while, the aching heart from its troubles?—And when its little excursions only give a colour to the moment, and do not tinge the whole of life, they are useful, and the eye of Wisdom will follow them with pleasure.—The dull heads and cold hearts which you mention, the enemies of Reason and Beauty, may shake their formal faces, and half-smiling, pass their marble sentence of condemnation, and call it Folly. Let them pursue their inclinations, and proceed in the beaten path their grandfathers trod before them; and if, as I am sometimes sporting on the hills and mountains, they turn and look with contempt on me, I can cast an eye of pity upon them.

But I owe much to this propitious influence:—to Fancy I owe the present power of writing to you, and the comfort that accompanies it.—Alas! Alas! I have so few real supports in this world, that I am glad to catch at the most visionary ideas, to bear up my sinking spirits.

I had resolved, my friend, whatever pain it might have cost me, to have fulfilled one of your kindest wishes, 'That no doubts or misgivings might disturb the serenity of my mind or awaken a painful thought about my children; adding withal, that

they were thine, and thou wouldest be their friend for ever'.—By this truly parental declaration, I have been long supported in many a cruel struggle with my heart; and hitherto, I had gained a painful victory:—for, as often as my tender affections turned towards my children, I used, silently, to recommend them to Heaven, and myself with them; and then, with an agonising compulsion, force my thoughts upon some other subject.—But as I was writing to thank you for all your kind remembrances of me, my heart almost dissolved with the kindness of my friends:—in this situation and thus affected, when I looked towards them to bless them, I beheld my children in the group, and it was too much for me—I was over-powered with grief; and, after the most violent agitation of mind I ever experienced, Nature drooped, and I lost my pains in a kind insensibility. —On my recovery, I remained so languid and weak for two days, that I could scarce speak, much less attempt to write.—As my strength returned, I snatched an hour, now and then, to write to the * *, but I dared not even to look at your letters, till Fancy touched me with her magic wand, and inspired me with courage to continue the blotting of this paper.

Last night I had a dream of comfort.—Surely, there must be sometimes more of reality in these pictures, which Fancy holds forth to our sleeping hours, than we are willing to allow; or the mind would never look with such a fond attention to the

visions of the night, to lessen the wretchedness of the day: or it may be one of the many instances of Heaven's mercy to troubled mortals. But you weep, my Bramin, in your dreams; do you not?—Here would be a perplexity, not in the arrangement of things,—but in my weak, short-sighted view of them: I shall, therefore, quit the subject, and proceed to myself.

I thought, in my sleep, that I was standing by a large and beautiful river, on whose surface floated a thousand gondolas, gilt with gold, and adorned with silken streamers of every colour, fluttering in the gale. The vessels were filled with youth and beauty; and most delicious music was wafted to my ear by gentle winds, which breathed the sweetest odours.—On a sudden, methought, I saw you reclined upon the grass, and my children playing about you:—and when one of them asked if his mother was upon the water, Yes, my dear, you answered, she is upon a greater water than this, and in a vessel much larger and finer than any of these: she is gone, my boy, to the country where gold and diamonds grow; and, if you are good, she will bring back some of them to make you fine withal; for she loves you all dearly, though she is far from you,—and you ought to love her, though you are far from her.—When I write to her, my children, shall I say how much you love her?—Yes! Yes! they all cried, and ran eagerly towards you.—You then embraced them with the utmost tenderness, and told them that you were to

be their mother till her return.—The moment after you had said this, I thought that one of the children shrieked, and ran from a snake which appeared to be darting itself after him. You arose in haste, and boldly seizing the venomous animal, threw it into the river.—Fear not, my children, you said; for, by the help of Heaven, while I live, thus will I protect you. —I endeavoured, as I thought, to spring forward, and throw myself at your feet, but a superior power seemed to restrain me. I struggled, and, in the efforts I made to express my gratitude to you, I awoke.

This then is my dream of comfort;—and, visionary as it may be, I am so well convinced of its most interesting images being realized, that I consider it rather as a faithful representation, than a fantastic vision, and rest much upon it.—You will, my Yorick! perform your promise: and I have only to weary Heaven with my petitions, that your life may long be spared; a life which, in this idea, becomes more precious than ever to

Your ELIZA

Saturday

WE shall not, I understand, remain much longer at this place; and I shall not have another opportunity of writing to you again, when we set sail from hence, 'till we arrive at the Trade Winds. I shall, therefore, fill another sheet of paper while I am here;—and I begin with thanking you, among the rest, for your

story of the generous seaman. It has fully answered the kind purposes you wished. I now love the deck better than I was used to do, and sometimes amuse myself in conversing with the sailors, asking them the names of the ropes and sails, with their particular use and application, all of which they explain with a degree of intelligence and respect that surprizes me. Thus I am not only entertained and diverted, but am really the better in health and spirits, to which the confined air of my cabin—and I have hitherto breathed little else—is by no means favourable. I find a civility in these sturdy sons of traffic which convinces me that the power of pleasing—the fine gentlemen of the age I hope will forgive me—is not confined to high-life or polished education, but that Nature takes upon her to give it to some of her children, who, have never known the one, or received the other.

Politeness, or complaisance, or civility, call it by what name you please,—for they all mean the same in the different ranks of life,—is defined by some-one —I believe it is Dean Swift,—to be the art of rendering ourselves agreeable to our company: and the definition, in my poor apprehension, is perfectly satisfactory. The objects of this disposition to please, or faculty of giving pleasure, are our superiors, our equals, and our inferiors.—It enables us to be duly respectful to our superiors, kindly familiar with our equals, and graciously condescending to our

inferiors. Thus, by rendering a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable, it seems to be most admirably adapted, not only to the calling forth every kind and social affection, but appropriating them also, in its manner and degree, to the very differing and contrasted characters of life. The graceful salutation which is received from a superior, the shake of the hand which is given by an equal, and respectful taking-off the hat to an inferior, possess, exactly, the same rank in the eye of the philosopher; and he will tell you, that, as an act of civility, that farmer's wife, who wipes her lips with a dirty apron before she suffers you to salute her, stands in an equal point of view with the finest lady, who, holding forth her lily-hand, suffers you to approach and kiss it. The intention sanctifies every deed of this kind, though it operates in a more or less agreeable manner, according to the education which has been received; as it is, without doubt, a polished education alone which enables or qualifies a man to do the most agreeable thing in the most agreeable manner; that is, to become the finished character of good-breeding, and politeness: for, though it must be acknowledged by every one, that all the mere acts of complaisance and civility, considered as forms of behaviour only, that ever happened in the world, will not weigh in the balance a single moment with the truly generous deed of your honest sailor; yet, most assuredly, Virtue is more lovely in a

lovely form. Wisdom itself receives advantage from the adoring hands of the Graces; Beauty owes half its charm to them, and Wit, when free from their gentle and softening influence, sinks continually into Severity, and sometimes scatters its darts with an indiscriminate cruelty.

The *Graces*, in former times, were almost always attended by *Good-Nature:* indeed, they seldom ventured upon any excursions without her, though she frequently took her humble circuit without them.—Their profession led them into the circles of higher life, where they then found little could be done without her. In these situations, it is true, they were of mutual service to each other;—for while she received from them the powers of giving universal pleasure, they received from her, in return, the desire of doing it. Thus she was, in time, considered as a fourth Grace, and these accomplished Ladies called her Sister.

But *Fashion*, a motley, fantastic, capricious offspring of less virtuous times, finding how necessary the Graces were to her obtaining any considerable influence on mankind, tried many stratagems, in which she was not unassisted by *Vice*, to disturb the harmony of this truly useful and amiable community; but they were too firmly united by interest as well as affection for her open designs to be the least effectual. Fashion, therefore, was obliged to have recourse to the power which she possesses of

changing her appearance; and by assuming the form, and manners of Good-Nature, she has imposed and does continue daily to impose on the Graces, who, from their natural disposition to be satisfied with external appearance, do not discover the fallacy. To this circumstance it is owing that these Ladies, so amiable in themselves, do now encourage such strange, whimsical, absurd, useless, and, I fear, sometimes immoral practices; and that the far greater part of those who sacrifice at their altar, so seldom bear an offering to that of Virtue.

Poor *Good-Nature* sees through the deceit, and grieves at it, but, from a weakness which is natural to her, lest she should give pain to those she loves by telling them of their error, she suffers them to be governed by a wretched and fatal influence, waiting with patience for the assistance of Time, who, she hopes, will one day open their eyes and restore her to the dear society of her former associates. For the present, my friend, farewel! Look kindly, I beseech you, upon these little efforts of your Eliza to amuse & please you: and though she may not possess all the graceful powers of doing it, as she has the desire at her heart, you will, I am sure, cast a complacent smile of approbation upon her labours and herself.—She knows you will;—and she thanks you for it.

Monday

We shall now set sail in a few days; and this article will, I believe, conclude my journal at this place. I shall, indeed, keep it open to the last, in case any thought or request should occur which may hitherto have escaped me,—and, also, for a few lines to say adieu.

This last idea brings to my mind the excellent farewel-sermon which my kind preacher has bestowed upon me for my use and instruction. But wherefore could you imagine, my friend, that I had taken upon me to form such high and independent notions of myself, and such false ones of the dignity of human nature, as to suppose that I could and ought to love virtue for the sake of its own intrinsic charms, without annexing any idea or expectation of good or pleasure which was to result from it? Or what books and authors do you allude to as the subjects of my partial and particular study?—If you think of it, when you write again, do be so kind as to inform me whence you gathered these surmises concerning this supposed disposition of mine. My curiosity is greatly interested in receiving this intelligence; and I beg and beseech you to gratify it.

On my first perusal of your letter, I thought that you were bantering me; and was really at a loss, for some time, to discover whether you were in jest or earnest, or what was your meaning. This idea of yours could not have arisen from any observations

you had yourself made; because I am most sure you could not have any reasons for making them. Besides in the last letter but one I received from you in the *Downs*, you recommend me to Hope, and bid me sing your little stanza on the subject every morning before breakfast; and this recommendation did not appear, either in the language or the manner of it, to arise from any suspicion of its particular and necessary application to me, but in the general course of your kind and consolatory remembrances: so that I am quite positive your friendly remonstrance did not arise from the suggestions of your own heart, nor of any heart that possesses a grain of your benevolence. But whoever it was that gave you this false impression of me, return him or her my most sincere thanks for being the cause of such an elegant and convincing train of argument in support of a principle whereon the wretched have so much dependence, and to whose friendly aid, therefore, your poor Eliza must make such frequent application. It was never seriously imagined by me, for a moment, that there could be a mortal, reasonable being, whose supposed nature could be so highly exalted as to be superior to passion; and I would undergo some trouble and inconvenience to obtain a sight of that man, I should rather say monster, whose nerves are so strung, as never to vibrate with Fear; and whose heart is so framed, exalted if you please, as never to dance at the song of Hope.

Your little stanza I have sung every morning as you desired me, and with the devotion which your spirit could alone inspire; and little did I think, that at the very moment I was performing this pleasing office, you were meditating a grave argument to prove the necessity of it.

There is something so truly comic in this affair, that if my muscles were not contracted by a very different employment I should laugh heartily at it. —I do smile, I assure you:—and I rather smile in triumph, while I am going to transcribe a little hymn which I myself have composed to this friendly divinity:

HYMN TO HOPE

SWEET HOPE, thou pleasing inmate of this breast!
Parent of joy, and source of rest!
Thy gracious power, and gentle sway,
The universal world obey.
Thou to the sorrowing mind canst peace bestow,
And give the wretch a respite from his woe,
But not on life alone thy pleasures wait;
Thy beams illumine the dark hours of Fate,
And light the spirits as they fly,
To taste of joys that dwell beyond the sky.
To thee the grateful vow I pay,
When the sun gilds the opening day;
And when the shades of eve prevail,
Thy praises float upon the gale.

Sweet nurse of Joy!—where'er I go,
Where'er I'm doomed to stray
Along this dreary vale of woe,
Oh, lead me on my way!
While lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
And the hoarse billows lash the shore,
Amid the elemental strife,
Save me! Oh save me from the ills of life!

It is not impossible, tho' I really do not remember it, that I may, from vanity, perhaps, for the sake of conversation, or some other motive, have supported an occasional argument on this and many other subjects, contrary to my own opinion;—but, as I am certain such liberties were never taken by me in your company,—somebody, I cannot guess whom, has been endeavouring to tamper with your good opinion of me.—It is true, I have oftentimes conversed with people who have been so stupid as to take an apparent jest for a serious assertion,—and evident irony for solemn arguments, and it may have so happened, that some of these dull creatures may have stumbled in your way, and, innocently, misrepresented me.—But I flatter myself, nay, I am certain, that it would be a more than Herculean labour to effect a change in your kind dispositions towards *Eliza*.—The suspicion does not approach me.—I know *Yorick's* justice too well to suppose he will cease to love me, until I do something very unworthy

of myself and him.—With respect to any apprehensions on that account, I am in a state of perfect tranquility.—Besides, so great is his benevolence, so comprehensive his tenderness, and so disposed to compassionate human errors, especially those of *Eliza*, that her fault must be of the greatest magnitude, and attended with very frequent repetitions, if *Yorick* did not forgive and smile favourably upon her.

I am not ignorant, believe me, that I have many enemies.—Alas! full well I know it: and, by a miserable fatality, which I cannot account for, I have always had them.—Envy has made me a mark to shoot her arrows at, almost as long as I can remember.—To suffer the assaults of Envy, is a tax which Beauty will ever pay for its adorations; but I never was beautiful, and the little power of pleasing I might possess, was not held forth to public admiration,—but for the few who knew, and did not disdain to love me.—I left the gaudy flower to expand its leaves to the sun, while I sought and was content with the shade.—I bent myself down to the world;—and, when the gust of Malevolence blew, I resisted not, but bowed my head to let it pass over me.—I would have blossomed in peace, and shed my leaves in the valley; but Detraction would not suffer it.—At first, it hovered over my dropping bells, and made them wither: but this was not all;—it soon struck at my root, and gave a wound which almost destroyed me. —I feel its effects at this hour, and shall continue to

feel them as long as I live.—Thus, my few vernal charms were so despoiled, that they were scarcely brought to bloom in summer;—and winter, if I should reach it, will be more than winter to me.

You will not easily believe what I am about to tell you; but you may depend upon it as truth, that so tough was the bow, and so strong the arm of the adversary who drew it, that the arrow of Calumny which he let fly in *England*, dropped in *India*, and spent its venom there.—Indeed, I doubt not but the shaft will be re-venomed, and returned with equal force.—Shield, therefore, my friend, your breast against it!

I might, probably, be very soon forgotten in the country which I have left behind me, and no longer attract any malevolence from it:—but when it is known and buzzed abroad that I am favoured with your correspondence, this event, which must cast such a flattering blaze of reputation around me, will renew the charge of my enemies. Envy will re-sharpen her sting to disturb my enjoyment of it;—and the thousands who sigh after the same honour, will join the cry against me. But may a just reproach overtake and torture me for ever, if I would yield it to them, with all its sweet and salutary delights, though the concession would blunt every sting that might wound my peace, and soften every tongue, that has rudely wagged itself against me, into praise and eulogium!

I myself—poor Eliza herself—must be the weak protectress of the fame which she carries with her to the Eastern world. That which I leave behind me, I consign, my faithful friend, to your care.—Cherish it with your kindness,—protect it with your power, —defend it with your eloquence:—remember, it is the cause of Innocence!—remember, it is the cause of your Eliza,—and be invincible!

Adieu!

Thursday

My Captain—mistake me not, I mean the Captain of the ship; for the military gentleman is too much engaged to pay any attentions to me—has this moment informed me, that he believes it will be at least a week before we shall sail from this island.—The intelligence pleases me much, as I shall employ the whole of my time here, whatever it may be, in continuing my Journal.—It will, therefore, be much longer than I intended, or you can expect: but I shall be contented, if, as it is a proof of my obedience to your desire, you will consider it as an example which it becomes you to follow.—But to proceed.

You tell me, my Bramin, that you dare not trust me to my own sex—I understand you.—It is your opinion, I suppose, that there is no such thing as candour among women, with respect to each other. —Indeed, it is said, nay adopted as an universal opinion, that friendship, between females, is an

absolute contradiction in terms, a chimæra, a non-entity, and only plays upon the thoughtless brains of giddy girls, before the unpleasant realities of life have, in some measure, dissipated the gay and airy phantoms of imagination.

I wish to exculpate my sex from a charge so lessening in its nature, and obnoxious in its tendency. —Will you forgive me, if I try my skill in the matter, and become their champion?—Nay, you must; for it is you who have made an essayist of me:—it is Yorick that has flattered Eliza into a task of which she feels a mortifying incapability, and wherein she would not venture to engage, if the hopes of your kind, instructive corrections did not animate her mind, and give boldness to her pen.

That I might be clear and precise in my definition of friendship I proposed to crave the assistance of some kind, intelligent author upon the subject;—but, on consideration, that would not be answering my end in the business, which is to hold forth my own unassisted thoughts to your correction, or dealing fairly, and as I sought to do, with my preceptor.—Besides, though a woman, my good Sir, I may, surely, be able to tell what friendship ought to be, though I am doomed, alas! never to feel it; and thus follow the example of many who have gone before me in the track of essay-writing, whose subjects are more frequently the offspring of the head than of the heart.

Friendship is produced by a certain coincidence of opinion in the great out-lines of moral conduct, and a certain similitude of taste, in the general objects of ordinary gratification. In trivial matters, either of opinion or enjoyment, a difference of sentiment and taste cannot be very material: on the contrary, it may promote friendship; and, by its variety in these unessential points, give life and spirit to the passion, which, from a minute sameness of thinking in every trifle, might, in time, languish into coldness and insipidity. But in the first principles of human duty, in the great and leading articles of morality and religion, a conformity of opinion is absolutely necessary to friendship. To possess the same ideas of virtue and vice, of honour and disgrace, is, almost, the one thing needful in forming a sincere and complete union between two feeling minds. If they are not congenial in matters of this importance, their friendship will be of very short duration,—I should rather say, could never have existed for a moment, but some deceitful assuming phantom in its stead, which a warm fancy, assisted, perhaps by some lurking interest, might create, and represent as a firm bond of union, till the first temptation dissolved the charm.

A good man and a villain can never be connected by any ties of a sacred nature; nor can friendship exist but among the most virtuous and excellent of men. Thieves may be faithful to each other from

motives of gain or fear of punishment; but that reciprocal exercise of good offices, that eager communication of joy, that ready partaking of sorrow, which are the constituent parts of this virtue, belong only to congenial and superior minds.

We need not look into the poets alone for the most noble examples of heroic friendship. It is, and ever has been, a favourite theme of the Muses; but it wants not the flowers of Fancy, nor any of those gay wreaths which are culled from the fairy fields of fiction, to decorate and adorn it. The fablings of romantic pens may be thrown aside when Truth points to the historic volume, in whose calm and sober page numberless examples are recorded, where this passion has operated to the most surprizing acts of disinterested affection.

I look therein, and I see the heroic friends armed for battle: they hasten to the field; they are already furiously engaged with the enemy;—together they hew their way through an host of foes, themselves an host;—I behold them, side by side, covered with dust, and sweat, and blood, urge their victorious way.—But alas! the noble career is at an end!—an hostile javelin mocks the opposing shield, and sinks deep into one of their faithful breasts. The wounded hero sinks to the ground in the agonies of death; his surviving associate stands over the writhing body, and having sacrificed many a foe to the departing spirit, he himself, covered with wounds, falls by his

friend. Their armour rattles together; they stretch forth their arms to an imperfect embrace,—and die in glory. Here I might proceed to tell you of the tears which flowed from the eyes even of their enemies at this sad but beauteous spectacle—I might call your attention, also, to the lamentations of their country, and the honours bestowed on them by recording fame;—but I have another picture of equal interest, and of as fair example.

Do you see, my Yorick, that criminal on his knees before a stern and inflexible monarch, who has just condemned him to die!—Is he asking for life, think you? Nothing less.—It is for liberty to go into his own country to settle affairs of the utmost consequence to his surviving family, with a promise to return before the day appointed for his execution; while the person beside him is in the same imploring posture, to beg it as the highest indulgence to himself, that he may be the pledge for his return. The rigid King relents for a moment, and grants the rare petition. The fetters are knocked from off the limbs of the criminal, and those of his friend receives (*sic*) them. Having clasped each other in a close and confidential embrace, the one departs to his country, and the other is led to the dungeon. I pass over his patient and honourable captivity; nor shall I attempt to describe the torturing alarms which disturb the other's breast while adverse winds delay his promised return. I pass them over, and bring you at once, to the appointed day of

execution. It is now arrived! The dreadful apparatus of death is prepared;—the real criminal is not returned, nor will the merciless tyrant delay the doom for an hour. The forfeit victim is led forth to punishment; and when the cruel judge upbraids him with the perfidy of his friend, he becomes his advocate and nobly defends him.

As he bends his submissive neck to the stroke, a loud tumult is heard among the crowd, which arrests the hand of the executioner; and before he can raise it again to compleat the murderous purpose, the real criminal appears, catches his friend in his arms, and demands a speedy execution on himself.—Praised be the immortal Gods, he cries, that I am arrived at this moment to save my own honour and thy most precious life! Lament me not. I die contented.—The stubborn breast of the astonished King melts at the affecting sight. He immediately hastens to the scaffold, pronounces pardon, and entreats these noble friends that he may be admitted to share in such unparalleled affection.

Will Yorick continue to indulge Eliza in her descriptive mood?—Will he suffer her to proceed to another scene, where life, indeed, is not sacrificed, but, what is more, all that makes life valuable is for ever resigned. This is the climax of Friendship; and, if I had but thy pencil for a moment, thou best painter of what is most excellent in the human heart! I should not despair of giving this last and highest

effort of affection such a bright, animated, yet tender colouring, that every eye which beheld it should be drowned in tears.

You are, already, in the Temple of Hymen; the wreathed chaplets regale thee with their odours, and the dulcet sounds of music melt thy very soul. The venerable priest, in robes of saffron, waits the coming of the nuptial pair. The pale bride enters, supported by two youths dressed in white, and crowned with flowers. He on her right-hand is the exulting bridegroom;—joy sparkles in his eye, and glows upon his cheek. The other is the friend of his heart, and of his life, whose trembling hands and quivering lips betray some mighty conflict in his soul.—As they approach the altar, he falls, to all appearance, dead upon the pavement; and the affrighted bride, with an agonizing shriek, sinks down beside him.—All is alarm and astonishment; and their senses return but to bring a strange discovery along with them, that they passionately but innocently loved, and that their mutual flame had been concealed from every one, even from each other.

The priest declares the interposition of Heaven to prevent the celebration of nuptials where the union could not be sanctified by mutual love. The intended husband, recovering from his sad amazement, at once resigns the bride, and, having pressed his trembling lips to hers, presents her to the object of her affections. The sparkle of his eye, and the glow of his cheek, he

transfers to his reviving friend; and, clasping him, for the last time, to his almost broken, but noble heart, he hastes away to solitude and silence, where, unheard and unknown, he may pass his days in brooding over the dear idea of his lost happiness, supported alone by the consciousness of virtue.

Here, then, I make a pause;—and, after some short time, methinks I see you rest your elbow upon the table, and your face upon your hand and smiling sarcastically, tell me, as you have often done before, that I argue very naturally indeed, and truly like a woman in making the sacrifice of Love the highest effort of human resolution.—You may smile, my good Sir, but I shall, nevertheless, maintain, that, in such an act as this, Friendship is consummate, and Love may be said to suffer the most glorious martyrdom.

Such examples as these I have described, or some very similar to them, have not been infrequent in the world;—and, I doubt not, if the spirit, or, I should rather say, the manners of modern days led to such exertions of Friendship, but there are many, very many, who would be found ready to emulate all that antiquity can boast in the display and trial of this virtue. It is not, however, to be imagined, that an affection which leads to such heroic and disinterested actions, can be the child of a few hours, days, or months, or spring from a reciprocation of the common kindnesses of life:—these, in sensible minds, will

ever beget a certain degree of esteem and gratitude; but the confirmed confidence and inflexible affection must proceed from an habitual conjunction of similar and consummate virtues.—It is true, we hear less of those uncommon instances of Friendship in these than in former ages; but I believe the spirit of it still exists in as full force as it has ever done in any period of the world. The days of Romance have long been over; the knight errant wanders no more in search of visionary glory; the idea of renown is changed, and the lance, the shield, and the helmet, are thrown aside among the lumber of former centuries. The fanciful refinements of Love are passed away with the castle, the dwarf, and the page; and women being transformed from divinities to rational creatures, the men seem to have raised themselves, from their heroic fantasies into the same character; so that reason may now be said to govern the progress, and promote the complexion, of their affection.

Friendship seems to have taken the same course: its fervours do not appear in their antient form, but the spirit remains entire, and by the change of manners, laws, and governments, is drawn from one striking and splendid object to numberless purposes of general utility; and its powers are become more enlarged and expansive, by mingling with every social feeling, and all the necessary duties of private and public life.

Heroism which, according to its general acceptation, is a zealous, enthusiastic attachment to glory, and the love of our country, as it is displayed in a voluntary and eager risquing our lives in its defence, or for its honour, seems to be in a great measure extinct. Arms have now, comparatively speaking, but little to do in the world; and states support their own greatness more by the refinements of policy and the enlargement of commerce, than in making offerings to the God of Battle.

This Heroism naturally disposes the mind to whatever is capable of elevating it to an enthusiasm similar to its own. The virtue, therefore, which is most likely to be indebted to its succour, is Friendship.

Governments where all are soldiers, and the military glory of their country the universal, predominant principle of their actions, are, if I may use the expression, the hot-bed for heroic friendships. The leading principle of the mind being the same among the subjects of a military state, nothing more is required than an early coincidence in the lesser objects of pursuit, to produce those Friendships, whose magnanimity has been so often and so deservedly celebrated by the poet as well as the historian. But this elevated Heroism, at least in the Western world, has long been at an end: it has given way to the calm spirit of Moderation; and the blessings of peace are become far more estimable than the glories of war.—The pacific duties of the citizen,—

the domestic engagements of the husband, father, and master,—the calls of benevolence and the softer virtues,—all find employment for that spirit of Friendship, which, in former times, was wont to be directed, with little exception, to one centre, but now diffuses its ray to an extensive circle of surrounding objects.—Its pageantry is laid aside; it is become a plain, simple virtue:—but what it loses in particular éclat, is more than gained by the diffusion of its benefits.—The distressed damsel, in these enlightened days of reason and good sense, no longer hopes for succour from the redoubted valour of a wandering champion. The laws will now protect her from injury, and maintain her rights, without the valorous aid of redressing knighthood; and he who, in the days of chivalry, would have hastened to her assistance with sword and spear, now comes to do her equal service with sage advice and sober counsels.—The spirit of Friendship, therefore, instead of being lost, may be said to have received considerable improvement, as it can now exert itself to the noblest and most virtuous purposes, without the risque or sacrifice of life.

The spirit of Chivalry, tho' very inferior, in every respect, to that of Heroism, is derived from the same source; a certain enthusiasm or love of glory.—When the former prevailed, Friendship was a subservient passion, and never exerted but under the banners of Cupid; while they who were influenced

by the latter, considered Love as a gratification beneath a thought but in the moments of relaxation from the pursuits of fame.

I shall just mention another great and illustrious motive to deeds of splendor and renown: I mean, the Love of Liberty; which, in its attainment, or defence, may pursue the track of Glory, but in its enjoyment discovers a very different nature.—When Liberty is possessed, there is an end of all conflict, and nothing remains but to watch over and preserve it; while the mere Desire of Glory is one of the most restless inmates of the human breast: a state of tranquility seems to annihilate it, and nothing can stop its career but age, infirmity, or death.—The Spirit or Desire of Liberty, having secured its object, is contented with the enjoyment of it, and never looks to wanton excursions of courage and prowess, but calmly reserves the exercise of those hardy virtues for a period when the blessings it enjoys shall be disturbed by some bold and daring intruder.—And when such an event arrives, the Love of Liberty, arouzed to its own preservation, produces as fair examples of heroic Friendship, as the most ardent thirst of popular Glory—But, when it reposes in its own enjoyment, it calms the impetuous current of social passion, divides the torrent into many lesser streams, and turns them into different channels of national benefit and prosperity.

I here distinguish between Prosperity and Glory;

because, according to the heroic, enthusiastic ideas which some people form of the latter, they very often bear a separate & distinct signification.

But whither, my dear friend, have I led you?—Through enchanted forests, and over embattled plains;—to Greece, Rome, and I know not where.—But there is a further trial for your patience: your mad journey, believe me, is not at an end; and, as I am going to the East, you shall most assuredly accompany me!—To proceed, then,—

However the spirit of Friendship may be calmed and moderated in these ages of the Western world, the realms of *India*, and the banks of the *Ganges*, echo sentiments more extravagant even than the grotesque ideas of Knight-errantry itself.—When I was last at *Calcutta*, in a company where I happened to be present, the subject of Friendship, among other things, became the topic of conversation. As it was what every-one felt, or pretended to feel, not a single tongue with-held an opinion upon the matter: all agreed that confidence was the basis of this virtue, but almost all seemed to differ about the nature and extent of it.—A young Nabob, who was present, after having declared how cold, unaffecting, and insipid, ideas of the subject appeared to him, adopted the figurative manner of expression used by the Eastern nations, and delivered his sentiments upon the nature of Friendship, and that confidence which is the support of it, in the following story:

'There were two friends, who, to enjoy the society of each other, and converse apart from the general throng of the town, had retired into a neighbouring wood, where they might, free from disturbance, receive the happy and mutual communications of their congenial hearts.—As they were engaged in this pleasing indulgence of their affections, one of them was over come with a sudden heaviness, and, reclining beneath the shade of a mango-tree, soon fell into a calm and sound repose, while his friend sat beside him to watch his slumbers and guard him from danger.—As he was engaged in this faithful employment, a serpent, of a tremendous and dreadful form, appeared before him.—He rose hastily to defend, at the risque of his life, his sleeping charge; when the monster told him, "Thy utmost efforts are vain, and, were the strength of a thousand arms added to thine, I could crush thee to atoms in a moment: but I come not for thy life, nor for the life of him whom thou preparest to defend; turn, therefore, the menace of thy ineffectual sword from me, and with its point wound the right arm of him who sleeps beneath the tree: the flowing blood will appease me, and, my terrors shall be removed from before thine eyes." Resistance appeared vain; and his reluctant sword pierced the right arm of his friend.—When the blood began to flow, the serpent spread his wings, and fled away.—The wounded person awoke, felt the anguish of his wound, saw the blood streaming from it, and

beheld his friend standing by him, with the ensanguined weapon in his hand.—He saw it all, and was silent:—and when the wound was bound up, he reclined upon the arm which had shed his blood, and, with fainting steps returned to the city.—He had not seen the serpent, nor heard the condition by which their lives were preserved; but possessed that rooted confidence in his friend, that, with all these appearances to create suspicion, he entertained not the least doubt of his love and fidelity.—And without a similar confidence, added the youthful Nabob, there can be no real friendship.'

The wild virtue of the young man pleased me; and the spirit with which he delivered his story, especially the concluding sentiment of it, will never be forgotten.—Oh, Yorick! What a tale would you make of it, had you been present to have heard his enraptured language, and seen his expressive gestures!—How would the glowing imagination of this Indian *fabulist* have been described by you in the warmest colours of Nature!—Mine is but a faint and inaccurate outline; but a hint is sufficient for a great master, and I leave it with you.

Confidence is undoubtedly the key-stone of the arch which unites two kindred hearts, and enables them to bear together the weighty burden of life; but it must be formed in early life, and confirmed by early experience, or it will not maintain its ground against the delusions and falsehood of more advanced

years.—It is too late to think of cementing a perfect Friendship when the world is known, and suspicion becomes a kind of virtue.—Confidence, to use *Lord Chatham's* beautiful expression, is a plant which grows not in an aged bosom, if the seed is not sown in the days of youth.—The capacity for Friendship, which some possess in a very superior degree, must arise from an early and well-placed confidence, which has fitted and disposed the mind to exercise this honourable virtue with discretion and wisdom. —But, though there are many circumstances which aid this principle of Friendship; though concurrent desire, and kindred enquiries tend very much to promote it; an equality of situation seems to be the most necessary to its security and duration. An entire confidence will very rarely exist between those whose condition is unequal. Difference of rank demands different society, and requires different employments. These will naturally produce an opposite bias in the mind; from thence will arise difference of opinion and sentiment, etc.: so that, however the natural dispositions might be calculated to produce Friendship, these general obstacles will most certainly turn them aside from their first and early direction.—Though there may be an entire sameness of principle in men of distinct ranks and fortunes, yet the different means of applying them will be sufficient to prevent that free, unrestrained, and perfect conjunction of opinion, which

is indispensably necessary to form and compleat a real and disinterested Friendship.

I have heard you mention, that, in your tour through Italy, you met with two brothers, musical performers, who carried the consonancy of their tempers and inclinations so far, that even in their dress, to the very buttons and buckles, they exactly resembled each other.—They were excellent musicians, you told me, but their excellence was never so conspicuous as when they performed together: in short, they seemed to be governed, in every action of their lives, by one and the same principle.—I remember you also informed me, that this strict union had prevailed through every part of a long life, as they were then upwards of threescore years of age; and that it was generally supposed, by those who knew them best, that, when Death seizes upon the one, the other will soon resign himself to the same destroying power.—I have often thought, with no inconsiderable pleasure, of these two happy brothers; and, had I been a man, should most certainly have made a pilgrimage to see them.—How did it happen that they had not a place in your *Sentimental Journey?*—But I recollect, and it is very strange indeed that I did not recollect before, that you have not yet, in your sentimental travels, reached Italy. Whenever you do, I doubt not but these rare examples of unalienable affection will make an interesting page.

Oh!—What an heavenly treasure is that physician

of the mind, a true friend!—one who discovers the wants which lie at the very bottom of your heart, and spares you the pain of discovering them; whose bosom is open to your complaints; who, while he doubles the portion of your joys, divides the burthen of your sorrows; who affords consolation in distress, advice in exigency, relief in necessity, support in weakness; and whose constancy will remain firm and invincible, whether present or absent,—in prosperity or adversity, in life or in death!

During the short, too short period of our acquaintance, such a friend, Yorick! you have been to me. Oh! continue your Friendship, I pray and beseech you. Let not absence quench a flame so honourable, so important to *Eliza*. Let your counsels follow me to the distant world whither I am going, while your goodness defends me from evil tongues in that country which I leave behind me. But wherefore do I request what you have promised to perform.—I confide in your word; I confide in your benevolence; I confide in your justice!—and, to compleat your Friendship to me, I doubt not, but when you breathe forth a prayer to heaven for yourself,—you will remember

ELIZA

The Madeiras

I have been four days in producing the last article of my journal, and, on an attentive perusal of it, I, not

only find it to be a very incoherent, desultory piece of business, but that I have absolutely forgotten the principal design with which I took up my pen. Can you, Yorick, forgive this long rambling discussion of I know not what?—However, if it fatigues or tires you,—my friend must thank himself,—as I have his absolute commands, under his own hands, to write any-thing and every-thing to him.—To proceed then,—

My primary intention was to offer something in favour of my own sex, and to vindicate them from the mortifying charge that they are incapable of Friendship to each other.—Of this I have hitherto said nothing! But you must pass over this inattention and forgetfulness of mine; they will serve to exercise that indulgence which I have a right to claim from you, & which you will find too frequent occasion, I fear, to grant, in the course of my correspondence to you. But I wrote this essay, or whatever you may please to call it, at different times, and always took up the subject from the last sentence, proceeding without any regard to the former parts of it, and totally neglectful of any original design. Thus I hurried on, till I had spun out the whole stock of my flimsy lucubrations. However, with your leave, I will imitate the fashionable practice of musical performers, who, when they have compleated their subject fly off, as it were, into a thousand distant divisions and variations, and then return to it again with new

effect. In short, I'll endeavour to play the *rondeau* with you, and bring you back, after my variations, to the first matter I proposed for my consideration.

Women are incapable of a real friendship with each other!——

This is my text—and I will borrow the beginning of one of your favourite sermons.—'That I deny!'—But do me the favour to hear a poor woman's reasonings upon it.

The general instability of human happiness is a subject which has employed the pens and eloquence of the greatest philosophers, moralists, and orators, in all ages. Even Friendship, whereon mankind are so disposed to rest for joy in prosperity, and consolation in adversity,—this balm of life is often found to disappoint our hopes, and to fall short of those fond expectations which early life had promised to fulfil. But while we look, with regret, to particular examples of Friendship ill requited, or disinterested kindness well repaid, among the men, we cannot, without concern, attend to the general observation, that there never existed one single example of a perfect and disinterested Friendship among women. History affords us numberless authentic accounts of the purest and most exalted exercise of this passion between men.—The pen of the historian has been delighted to trace its heroic ardor, and the poet has invoked every muse to inspire him when it has been his theme. Indeed, there are no events which give so

pleasing a decoration to the annals of time, as the glorious efforts of the different sexes for each other. Perhaps, in the career of love, women have outgone the most generous exertions of the stronger sex: but, while we view them, with pleasure, exercising their various powers and extensive influence to prove their zeal and affection for their parents, their lovers, husbands, and their children, the satisfaction dies away when we look, in vain, for any striking example of affection for each other.

Women have governed great and extensive empires; they have swayed the sceptre of royal dominion, honoured and revered by an admiring world.—*Britain* was glutted with conquest and renown during the female reigns; *Austria* has been preserved, and still continues to be governed with consummate wisdom by the Empress-Queen; and *Rùssia* owes to a female mind its present amazing and stupendous state of prosperity and glory. In the realms of literature, female genius has acquired immortal fame; learning and the fine arts, whether in criticism, ethics, poetry, history, and painting, have received acknowledged advantages and embellishments from female professors. Domestic life owes every energy it possesses, and every comfort it affords, to their influence;—and private conversation would lose its brightest charms, and most alluring pleasures,—its decencies and its elegance, if they did not mingle in it. Tenderness, compassion and

benevolence, are supposed to be more particularly incorporated in their frame and disposition; and, as the poet has observed, Heaven, to make them appear more amiable, has adorned them with tears.

Women then, have been found equal to the arduous task of government. Learning and the fine arts are indebted to their labours. They are faithful, nay, often heroic in love; sincere in piety, dutiful children, fond parents, and pleasing companions. They are kind and compassionate in the various offices which administer to the necessities of others. In the exercise of these honourable duties, a difference of sex does not seem to be considered; and their charity, as far as my observation has reached, seems rather to preponderate to the necessities of their own.—But here my pen flags: it is unwilling to proceed, and is scarce able to write,—that in generous Friendship to each other, women have been found universally defective.—Indeed, to come at once to the point, I never knew or have read of an example of a woman's voluntary resignation of a favoured lover to another or, whenever it has taken place by compulsion, without harbouring some secret wishes of spleen and envy, which will not find an apology in any circumstance or situation.

I think my friend will allow, at least, that I have stated the matter with candour; and I hope the same spirit will influence my further reasonings upon the subject.

The objects of men, as they proceed in life, are many and various.—A thousand avenues are open for them, and they are at liberty to enter that which best suits their tastes and inclinations; while women have but one, which is a settlement for life,—or, in other words, an husband.—This is the great end of their education; this is the origin of their qualifications and accomplishments: the art of pleasing is learned for this end; and Beauty is carefully guarded from injury, and taught to adorn itself in the most becoming manner, for this purpose. From hence it happens that female education is such a strange and injudicious mixture of internal and external improvements; and the latter, being more easy, pleasant, and generally attractive, than the former, becomes the most favourite employment. You cannot, therefore, be surprized that dress is thought to be such an important article for consideration in the female world, and the improvement of the mind so often yields to the assiduities of the toilette. Hence it is that children catch the spreading contagion, and boarding-schools are so well acquainted with bickerings, feuds, and envious competitions about show and finery.—Nay, what is the varying fashion of female dress, but the art of an aspiring beauty, who dares adopt some new-fangled ornament, which she thinks more becoming to her particular features, than those which are prescribed by the prevailing mode? The love of admiration is, without doubt, very prevalent

in our sex; but it is only secondary to this grand view of our lives.

Women, therefore, having but one object, are all competitors, and whenever they interfere with each other, Jealousy will arise; a monster that blasts every social affection, and calls forth the malevolent passions to enjoyment.—To the prevalency of competition it is owing that we so seldom see

> Those who can bear a sister's charms, or hear,
> Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear.

But where this is not the case, the mother is too often seen to pursue another plan. She enters into the competitions of the daughter, supports her superior pretensions, and joins in degrading those who claim an equal pre-eminence. How common a thing it is to see the vain parent decorating her child in the display of her own ornaments; and placing those baits for admiration on her daughter, which, in former days, had succeeded so well on herself! How often does the maternal casket supply new fuel to the rising flame of youthful vanity, while the mother's flattering fondness fans it into a blaze!—This is truth, melancholy truth, which observation and experience daily confirm. You will think, I fear, that more than sufficient has already been written upon the subject; it would, therefore, be very idle in me to trouble you with the discipline of boarding-schools, the ordinary sentiments and characters of private

governesses, and the mistaken counsels of parental vanity. They all tend to this grand, principal object, —an husband. This is the sum of good in female estimation: their happiness rests upon this attainment,—nay, their honour also;—for disgrace, such is the general opinion, of the world, after a certain period of life, attends the unmarried state. An antiquated virgin, however unjustly, in the common acceptation, is a title as much, if not more, despised and avoided, than if crime and immorality were connected with it.

So many and such a variety of objects start up, as it were, to fix the choice and engage the attention of men, that their competitions are, comparatively speaking, but few in number:—they may, therefore, find continual and various springs of social virtue, which are free from all contaminations of interest.—If one object of pursuit fails, they may have recourse to another, which will afford them equal means of exercising the social affections; and if the early part of life should play them false, their prospects are not entirely obscured, and a more advanced age may satisfy their desires.—The proverb says, that Two of a trade never agree; but it goes no farther: nay, it strongly implies, that, where particular interests do not interfere, where the grand view of life is not opposed, Friendship and cordial agreement is natural to all.—But women have one only object, and the expectations of attaining it naturally expire

with youth and beauty. Besides, it is a common error in parents, during their life, to give their children an appearance beyond the fortunes they will receive at their death, and thereby add to the eagerness of attainment. It is no wonder, therefore, under the circumstances I have mentioned, that an anxiety to obtain the great and sole object of their hopes and wishes should operate to the same total obstruction of Friendship between individuals of the female sex, as happens between men who have the same views and particular interests.

The hero who dies fighting by the side of his friend, loses his life,—but he preserves his honour, and increases his fame: these were the objects of his ambition, and life was considered as a trifle in the purchase. The fond youth who resigned the idol of his soul to his friend, gave her to him to whom her affections longed to give herself; she was the object of all his tenderest wishes,—she was his sum of good; his earthly happiness was concentered in her: but, when he finds that an union with him would blast her happiness, and deprive his friend of life, another principle takes possession of his breast, and he yields to the impulse of another sentiment. Believe me, my dear Yorick, I do not mean to tarnish the lustre of actions truly glorious; I do not wish to lessen the fame of those exalted beings who have directed their hopes and fears with wisdom. My design goes no farther than to paint sublunary Nature as it is, and

to preserve, as well as I am able, the happy medium between divine elevation and degrading brutality.

My conclusion then is evident and, I trust satisfactory.—That the superiority of the men, and the inferiority of the women, in the article of Friendship, does not arise from advantages of Nature, but from difference of situation. Particular interests affect particular men, while one universal interest engages all woman-kind. Thus the incapacity of women for Friendship with each other may be said to spring from the same cause which incapacitates men who are governed by the same interests: and, I doubt not, if one general competition engaged the men, they must plead equally guilty to this heavy charge against the women;—they would be alike deficient in the great social affection of Friendship.

I am serious when I declare that this is my real opinion. I do not wish to be fallacious; and, if I did, my small share of ingenuity would not be sufficient to hide the fallacy, at least from such a keen and penetrating mind as yours. If, therefore, you think me trifling, pardon me;—if I am wrong, correct me;—if I am right, applaud me. Your forgiveness will encourage my weakness, your correction will encrease my knowledge, and your applause will ennoble the virtue of

Your Eliza

The Madeiras

I AM pleased, my dear friend, with my new character. —My last letter was a criticism, if you will allow it such a respectable title, upon both the sexes; and now, like a judicious critic, I shall descend from generals to individuals:—my present letter will have a subject of no less importance than yourself.

I do not recollect whether I mentioned my opinion to you, but I have always thought that the author of *Tristram Shandy* must possess a genius exquisitely adapted to the restoration of Comedy, which, like painting upon glass, seems to be almost entirely lost.—The *Jealous Wife* gave us some hopes of seeing the Comic Muse in her proper dress; but our expectations have not been gratified, and the Stage continues to teem with dramatic productions of little or no merit.—Your knowledge of human nature and the world; your quick eye to the singularities of character; your judgement in contrasting them, your power of grouping with your wit, sentiment, and language—must qualify you to attain the highest degree of excellence in this difficult species of composition. I really am surprized that you never thought of it: nay, it is impossible but such an idea must oftentimes have pressed home upon you; and when it did, how could you resist the impulse? How and wherefore was it that you did not immediately sit down before your writing table, and, after a due invocation to *Thalia*, weave such scenes as would

always have instructed, sometimes melted, and, not seldom, put the theatre in a roar.

I have not the least doubt, my good Yorick, but the Comic Muse would prefer a flirtation of this kind with you, to any other man living. You have had your connections with her already, as all the world well knows; but I wish to hear of her having passed a whole summer with you. You would give the lively hussey a new dress, which she would find so very becoming, that I doubt not but she would immediately offer to be your handmaid, on conditions that you will give her a new gown every year. I wish you had made the bargain with her, with all my heart; though, perhaps, Mrs. — might not be without her jealousy upon the occasion; and formal people be disposed to broach a little scandal at your having so lovely a damsel under the same roof with you. Lovely she is indeed, if her picture is like her!— and the pencil of *Reynolds* is not used to fail. She most certainly left Parnassus, and ventured here incog. that she might have her portrait drawn by so great a master. I dare to say Sir *Joshua* had at least three sittings, though he will not acknowledge it; because, the confession might take from the merit of his invention. But that I have hit upon the truth there is not the least doubt; and I verily believe that *Garrick* is in the secret: and if I were ever to see either of these gentlemen, I would tell them so.

I never knew, or even heard it suggested, that you

had ever written, or thought of writing, either a Tragedy, a Comedy, or a Farce; and, though you might never do either of them, I pronounce you to be one of the first dramatic writers of this age and nation.—Your sermons, especially the third and fourth, have a very dramatic cast; and your other works abound with scenes so finely painted, that, as I have been reading some of them, methought I saw Shakespeare's ghost stalking by me. There is but one *Garrick* in the world, and I think *Mr. Shandy*, *Uncle Toby*, *Corporal Trim*, nay, not to forget *Dr. Slop*, would find a just representation alone in his unrivalled and universal powers. I would as soon hear that great actor read some parts of *Tristram*, as see him on the stage; and this assertion approaches as near to an hyperbole as is possible without an absolute deviation from truth.

The generality of modern comedies consist of three or four characters, or not so many, that are to attract notice, while the rest are a kind of dramatic expletives which do not pretend to originality, and are introduced merely to fill up the piece; so that, if the principal parts are cast with care and attention, the rest are of little consequence, as they are commonly suited to any actors, and any actors to them. But, if I do not err greatly in my judgment, the most trifling of your scenes would require real actors to support them: if but ten words were to be spoken, it is not a Mr. — or Mrs. —, or a Miss —, who

would be qualified to do the business, though they sometimes are suffered to undertake parts of length and consequence. I very well know, that, if your scenes *were* in danger of being misrepresented, your nice strokes of character unobserved, your wit confounded, and your sense puzzled, by those who had neither character, wit, nor sense, you would give the play a Roman funeral, and smile over the flames which preserved it from being mangled by unblushing blockheads. But do not let a fear of this or any kind discourage you! Particular exigencies, and unexpected situations, have frequently called talents into action, which would otherwise have lain concealed for ever, unknown to the world, and even to the unconscious possessor of them. A comedy of yours, if it did not find actors, might make them.—Oh, Yorick, if it were possible, how should I delight to sit by you, as you were writing your play, and, like *Molière's* Old Woman, if I had her feelings, be the touchstone of its merit.—But that cannot be! And this reflection, if I indulge it for a moment, would damp all the little spirits I have mustered to write this letter: indeed, they already droop, and I must have done. But, that I may not quit my subject to the last,—receive a dramatic valediction, and, in the language of Hamlet's Ghost, Farewel,—remember me!

ELIZA

Madeiras

At length, my best and ever-honoured friend, I am arrived at the concluding article of this voluminous letter.—You will not, I trust, think it too long, since it proceeds from your *Eliza;* and she wishes still to add to it, if an opportunity were allowed her,—as she may never write to you again. My heart throbs at the reflection; and it is with a sad foreboding anguish of spirit that I am approaching to an adieu which may be my last!

We shall proceed on our voyage to-morrow:—I sit down, therefore, to write a few lines, and say farewel, before I put the seal to my letter. There is not any ship returning for England immediately; so that I must avail myself of our Captain's kindness, who will entrust my dispatches to the care of the same person who is to forward his own.—I make no doubt but my epistolary volume will reach you, and tell my dearest Yorick, in every line, how necessary he is to my honour and happiness. Let me, therefore, once more implore you not to trifle, as you frequently have done, with a constitution so precarious as your own! —Guard it, I pray, with every wise precaution, and nurse it with all tenderness; for your health is the health of Eliza.

When I shall renew my writing to you, it is impossible to tell. Perhaps—but no matter;—be it as it may, we must submit to that which is thought best for us. However, I shall never fail daily to study your

letters, etc.,—and, if I live till we get under the influence of the Trade Winds, I will avail myself of their steady current to begin another page of my journal. Oh! that I already felt them blow.

Hasten, I beseech you, the voyage of the bustos. How I shall love them! Precious, very precious will they be to me. In possessing them, your pictures, and your letters, I shall be mistress of an invaluable treasure; I shall have your features, your countenance, and the sentiments of your heart, continually with me. My memory must supply the rest; a memory in which your uncommon goodness, your inestimable friendship, your amazing talents, in short, your whole self is so deeply imprinted, that the lamp of human reason must be quite extinguished in me ere I can forget you: and, even at the last, when life's expiring flame hovers over the socket, and every moment threatens a departure, while the last spark of light remains, the faint forms of my children and my Yorick will dance before me, till the vapour vanishes, and all is darkness.

You must perceive, my friend, how naturally my affections look to the union of those who are so dear to me!—Yorick, love my children;—and I command them, by the love their mother bears them, to revere and honour you. Surrounded as I am with perils and dangers, and long as my voyage will be, it may be the last command they may ever receive from her who bore them. Tell them, therefore, to hold it as a

sacred, inviolable law, which must not be broken, and that I rest their duty to me on an obedience to it; for ere I could write to them and you again, the ocean may have swallowed their poor mother, and the monsters of the deep have devoured her.

These, these are bitter reflections. I am not able to support them! I can scarce hold my pen to write my blessings and my adieu!

ELIZA

YORICK TO ELIZA

London

My last pacquet, which is to overtake thee, my *Eliza*, at the *Madeiras*, has been dispatched these three weeks and better, and I have not written one line of that which is to follow you to *India*.—But I would not dedicate common hours to thee, or write to the best and tenderest of women, but when I was myself in the best and tenderest of dispositions.—I have heard or read somewhere of a people who never worshipped their Deity but when the sun shone bright, and Nature seemed to smile upon their devotions.—I adopt this sentiment most sincerely with respect to thee; and, in my cheerless and cloudy hours, will never lay an offering of love upon thine altar.—And though, somehow or other, the noon-tide beams, of late, have seldom shone upon me, I have, nevertheless, I hope, warmth enough left to justify the renewal of my Journal.—Indeed, the very idea of this business seems to inspire me, and my idle pen already grows impatient to dash on its way.

You must know, then, I find myself frequently disposed,—for want, perhaps, of better employment; or, as may be the case at this time, to ease or give play to the feelings of my heart, to ejaculate, for an hour together, upon any subject which occurs, whether he or she, brute or inanimate—and sometimes I have been so satisfied, and in such good humour with my exercitations of this nature, that I have wished to

have had them written down upon paper, for the purpose of good and amusement to the world; and also—for I will own it, and why should I not—the giving an additional importance—I meant to say weight—to my own purse—which, in a world like this, where a man's consequence seems to rise and fall according to the influence of the pecuniary barometer,—at least with ninety and nine out of an hundred,—is a very prudent consideration.

You see already, my dear Eliza, that I do not write for myself, but for others:—however, such a simple conduct, though it may sometimes answer to a being so whimsical as I am, would be the ruin of thousands, and tens of thousands, were it to become a general practice;—which God forbid.

I have often told you, Eliza,—and you have no reason to doubt me, though I should tell it you again and again,—that I love mankind. I really wish them well:—and, though I have been so abused and pelted, and, what is worse, so palavered by thousands of them, I really wish them well;—for I wish them more real understanding, and better hearts.

And now, methinks, I hear a crowd of clever men, —who, by the bye, may be very bad men into the bargain,—cry out and exclaim, 'And what, my good Sir, have the Heart and the Understanding to do with each other?'—Do, my dear Gentlemen, possess yourselves with a little of that patience which you must suppose that I possess, by addressing such a

question to me; and do you also, my Eliza, cast an eye of patience upon me, while I postpone my ejaculation for a page or two, in order to settle the matter with these misunderstanding spirits.

And I say, my good Critics, that they have everything to do with each other. Nay, Sirs,—the idea may be a novelty to you, and I believe it is; but be assured, nevertheless, that there is no such thing as Understanding without this goodness of Heart.—The latter may, and does sometimes, exist without receiving any remarkable assistance from the former; and the errors, which we continually behold, of simple and ingenuous minds, are the example of it. —But where they are both in compleat union, there you may look for the perfection of the human character,—and find it. But the truth is, you mistake your meaning, and look upon Understanding and Abilities as synonimous terms.—I have a shrewd suspicion that you are all of you in the wrong, like most people who are in the wrong, for want of a little examination into what you say or do.—Now, if I am not very much out of my guessing humour, I should think that Abilities—I speak intellectually—are certain powers of the mind, capable of attaining certain ends, more or less. And I shall give it as my opinion, that the principle which regulates and directs them to their proper ends is the Understanding; which, if you have ever been on board a ship, you must well know, resembles an helm or rudder,

which, however necessary the sails, ropes, pullies etc. may be, is the sole guide of the vessel, and without whose assistance there would be an utter impossibility of conducting it on its destined course.—Now, Gentlemen, this understanding,—you may call it Judgement, if you like it better,—being connected with goodness of Heart, becomes a good Understanding, or a good Judgment, and must, of course, dispose the feelings and talents of men to fit and proper objects.

That the world takes an infinite deal of pains to teaze people out of their Goodness of Heart, by taking advantage of its simplicity and pure intentions, before the Understanding is fully ripened and improved, or while it is asleep—is a truth—at the thought whereof I heave a sigh,—and whereat you laugh.—But I do declare, in spite of all your Reverences can say or do against it, that I had rather be the most arrant dupe that artful Villainy ever made, and suffer all the distress the most arrant dupe ever suffered, than owe Prosperity—if elevation in life, obtained by such means, can be called Prosperity—to the base arts of betraying a fellow-creature who puts his or her trust in me.

I add the feminine gender upon the occasion, because I see so much misery, vice, and horror, in the hourly practice of deluding the unsuspicious and tender-hearted of the weaker sex.—How has my heart bled at the sorrowful tale of aged parents, who

had bred up one only daughter to be their support and comfort in the winter of life, when they weeping told me, that the spoiler had come,—cropped the flower they had been so long in rearing—wore it in his bosom for a few hours,—and then cast it away to rot they knew not where;—for they had trod many a weary step, and searched in vain to save it from entire destruction!—And how often, nay, almost always, is this spoiler a man of Understanding! Your kind pardon, Gentlemen,—I mean a Man of Knowledge, and Abilities.—But Knowledge employed in teaching others error, and Abilities exercised in imposing upon those who do not possess them, shews how necessary Goodness of Heart is to guide our Knowledge and Abilities to concerns of real utility and honour.

—And now, my kind critics, you will ask, for you are an inquisitive race—Interrogation, I well know, is your province; and Heaven forbid I should turn the blind out of the way, or, rather,—for I think the metaphor is more apt,—blow out the only taper a man has to enlighten his dark lantern withal;—I say, you will ask me, and I am not surprized at the question,—what this Goodness of Heart is, and wherein it consists?

I know not what religion you are of,—though, for your own sakes, some wishes escape me as I write;—but I am a Christian, and, as such, am ever willing to communicate to others whatever I possess,—money,

when I have any in my purse,—and knowledge, when I have any in my brains.—If, therefore, the spirit of difinition (*sic*) is not gone from me, I shall be most glad to tell you what this Goodness of Heart is; for, if you never knew any-thing about the matter,—it is right and fitting you should; and it will be Christian in me to tell you: and, if you have forgot, which I should rather hope to be the case, it will not be doing you any harm,—on the contrary, I trust, much good, —to bring it back to your recollection.

It is, in general, I believe, considered as a great susceptibility of impressions from the joy or misery of our fellow-creatures,—and, indeed, of all creatures.—But this is not all—tho' wherefore should I go on defining, when there is one single word which will comprehend all that I can say upon the subject, and that is Benevolence,—and if you must have a definition of that also,—I am sorry for you.—However, it is a very good thing, believe me: and, to shew my love for you, I leave it with you, and much good may it do you, and so on:—for I shall proceed to thee, my Eliza,—who art the child of it,—and hasten to the ejaculation which I promised thee.

Ejaculation to a Sopha

—How is it,—thou wonted parent of repose!—that I no longer can find rest upon thee!—What has mingled with thy downy softness, that such a restless spirit bestirs itself within me, while I recline upon it!

But, surely, dulness has spread its mantle over me that I should ask the question!—Alas, my eyes turn their glances to the right, and they do not see Eliza:—I look to the left, and she is not beside me.—Every checquer in thy covering reminds me of the lively being whose patient form has been so often stretched upon it,—sometimes pale with sickness,—and sometimes presenting to me the picture of a sleeping angel!—How often have thy pillows been pressed by her cheeks! Alas, how often have they been wet with her tears! and as I have sat beside her, my handkerchief has robbed them of many a sacred drop.—This was luxury indeed!—for they were the tears of Virtue.

Yes, thou favoured couch!—I will take thee to my sanctuary, and place thee there; and when the duplicity of mankind shall plant disgust in my breast, or the follies they are so fond of bring lassitude along with them, I will retire to thee and to myself,—and when I have stretched myself upon thee, Eliza's spirit shall come and comfort me.—Or when I wish to rob this gouty world of its spleen,—when I would give courage to innocence and a blushing cheek,—I should rather say a bleeding heart to daring villainy,—then will I seek thy resting-place,—and the spirit of Eliza shall inspire me!

—Thus you have it, my dear girl, warm from the brain.—But what base idea beguiles me, that I should write a word which has nothing to do with it!

—I mean, warm from my heart, Eliza.—Accept this, and everything I shall ever write to thee, as such;—and, when I am dead, have recourse to them, when the kindness and the counsel of the living fail thee.—It will be a great comfort to me while I live, to think that thus, at least, I shall be with thee, though I am in my grave,—and that, when I am dead, I shall still continue to speak peace to my Eliza.

Good night, my child!—I was now going to proceed with a sincere wish that thy guardian-angel might smooth thy pillow for thee, when a sudden recollection informs me, that, though it be night with me, the sun shines, probably, in its meridian brightness upon you.—Let us then, Eliza, avail ourself of our different days; and if thou wilt think of thy Yorick all thy day,—I will contemplate the idea of my Eliza through every stage of mine;—so that there will be scarcely an hour in the twenty-four but thou wilt be thinking of me,—or I of thee.—And there is sentiment in all this, which I am certain you feel; and which I would not lose the power of feeling, and the capacity of enjoying, for the brightest diadem which ever glittered on the brow of royalty. So fare thee well,—and may God bless thee, now and always!

Amen.

Wednesday Morning

I mean to tell thee a tale which will do thy heart good, Eliza,—I should have done it before, but I

have not, for some time past, found myself in a frame of mind to do it as I ought 'till this morning. It is a very sentimental story,—and on that account I dedicate it to thee.

The Nosegay

About three weeks ago, as I was taking my morning's walk, a young woman met me on the way, who in a gentle and persuasive tone of voice entreated me to buy a nosegay of her,—and, as she framed her petition, the damsel opened a small bandbox, which she carried under her arm, and discovered half a dozen boquets composed of flowers, which were not yet in season. Though she was very pretty, and I was going to visit Lady B——, I had resolved to purchase one before I had considered her beauty, or reflected that this vernal offering would make my visit to Lady B—— more gracious.—There was a certain softness of expression and gentleness of spirit, which appeared so visible in the character of the girl, that the moment she began to make her petition,—I was resolved to grant it.

There have been moments of my life—I am ashamed to say it—when I should have drawn my purse from my pocket with reluctance, to have given a poor, miserable daughter of distress five shillings for a few flowers; and, when I had done it, gone on my way dissatisfied with myself,—railing at Art and Luxury, and offering up fifty dirty ejaculations to

Nature.—But I was now awake to better feelings!—and I do declare, in the awful name of Truth, that I have seldom experienced higher satisfaction than when I put two half-crowns into the damsel's hand, and received with the nosegay, a courtsey and look of acknowledgement which were worth more than I could bestow upon her.

I never in my life was led by my feelings to make any little temporary deviations from what is called common prudence; but I was, some how or other, more than recompensed by the events to which they conducted me.—Nature does not scatter her beauties on either side of the way in vain;—and he who travels on without turning to the right or to the left, loses many a beautiful prospect, and a thousand delicious scenes, which must be ever hidden from their eyes whose dispositions do not lead them, now and then, to turn aside from the strait road of life.—I wish to be happy,—and, while these wanderings of the affections give that colour and variety which add so much to the happiness of life, I shall continue some times to indulge them;—being persuaded that I shall build my comforts upon better and more certain principles than one half of those whom envy suspects to be happy.

Having received the flowers, and purchased a sheet of writing-paper to wrap round them,—that their freshness might not be affected by the warmth of my hand,—I proceeded on my walk in perfect

good-humour with myself, and, of course, with all the world;—when, as I was crossing a small court, I was almost stunned with the vociferous exclamation of a man who was crying his rabbits, some of which were hanging from each end of a pole that balanced upon his shoulder.—The singular cry of the man drew my attention; and I immediately observed that my nosegay had attracted his.—As I drew nearer to him, his eyes seemed to be riveted to the flowers;—and when I raised them towards my head to enjoy their fragrance, he raised his eyes also.

When I had passed him, I could not refrain from looking back to see whether this extraordinary attention was continued, when I observed that he was following me. I therefore stood still; and, as he approached me, he cried out, 'May God in Heaven bless you, Sir, and never wound your heart with the sorrows which have pierced mine!'—I am afraid, honest friend, replied I, that the benevolence of thy wish for me arises from a very deep sense of thy own misery. What may it be?—'Alas, Sir,' answered he, 'those flowers, I believe, would restore my Jenny to life! She has talked of nothing but roses all this morning, and I think the smell of them might do her good!—Do Sir, for Heaven's Sake, bestow them on her! Who knows but they may revive her;—if not, I will strew them over her grave.'—I instantly put the nosegay into his hand:—he thanked me with a flood of tears, and hastened towards the street.

I pursued his steps, not knowing whither I went, till, after some time, he entered an house, and, when he had given his rabbits to a girl of about nineteen years of age, who sat weeping at the bottom of the stairs, I followed him into a small room where a woman was lying in a bed without curtains, and, to all appearance, entirely senseless.—An old nurse sat by the bedside, and was flapping the flies from off the sick person's face with a feather.—As the poor man entered the room, 'I have flowers,' said he, 'for thee, my Jenny!—Thou didst call for roses this morning, and Heaven has sent thee some to comfort and refresh thee.'—He then kneeled down by the bedside, and held the flowers to her nose,—and then put them into her hand,—and then laid them upon her bosom, and, fetching a deep sigh, he kissed her.—'Dear Heart!' said the nurse, 'she did indeed rave this morning, and talk of flowers and roses;—but the poor soul will never speak again;—the hand of Death is now upon her.'

The poor man appeared to be wholly inattentive to what was said;—and now he looked at his wife,—and then at the nosegay,—and then again at his wife,—till, at length, as he was waving the flowers over her with an air of disconsolation, a leaf fell from one of the roses, and rested upon her cheek, pale with death. It was a melancholy contrast,—and he felt all the force of it; for, after endeavouring to speak, but in vain, he burst into such an agony of grief, that I

could no longer support it.—I immediately left the afflicting scene, and had traversed many streets before I awoke from the deep impressions it had made upon my Spirits.—I then tried to measure back my way, but in vain.—On the next day I returned with a friend; but notwithstanding the most assiduous industry, we could not discover the poor man's habitation.—I then employed a person to watch in the court where I first saw him, for a whole week; but this endeavour also proved fruitless. And I cannot drive from me the melancholy apprehension that when he lost his Jenny, he lost his senses,—or is since dead of a broken heart!

Well, Eliza! does my story please thee? I know it does; for methinks I hear thee, in the sweetest tone, thank me for it again and again.—And, though thou art at such a sad and immense distance from me, I see thee weep as thou dost read it!—I view thy tears taking their tender course adown thy cheek, ere they fall upon the paper. Oh! may they never flow—but I am interrupted,—and must content myself with an hasty adieu.

Sunday Evening

This, Eliza, will be a serious and an awful page.—I am just come from the grave of a friend, who, some few days before he died, sent for me, and begged it as a last request, if it should please Heaven to take him

away, that I would perform the last melancholy office over his cold remains, and pronounce, beside his grave, 'Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.'—This command I have most righteously obeyed.—On my return home, I retired to my chamber and wept and grew calm; and thought I could not do better, nay so well, as to sit down and continue my Journal to thee, and pour forth the solemn reflections of my bosom to Eliza.

It may appear strange to relate,—but, whilst I was contemplating the virtues of my departed friend, with the great loss I had sustained in his death, and was proceeding, by degrees, to reconcile myself to the event—my thoughts turned, I know not how, suddenly upon thee;—and I saw thee, as it were, pale and in thy shroud before me.—It was the phantasy of a sickly moment, and passed hastily away.—But be assured, my child, that, if Heaven should take thee to itself before me,—and thou shouldest die in England,—thy children shall support me as thy chief mourner;—and, having followed thee to the tomb, I will perform those sacred rites over thy grave, which will soon after be performed at mine. Heaven, I trust and hope, will give me strength to bear, with a patient resignation, every sorrow which its righteous hand deals forth against me:—but it would, I fear, go hard with my poor frame, if thy Yorick should be called to see thee for the last time, —and to scatter the rosemary upon thy cold bosom.

Gracious Heaven!—if, amid the trials that await me, it is decreed that I am to meet this dreadful hour,—support me in thy mercy,—give me strength to support myself,—and to be calmly resigned to that wisdom which best knows when to give and when to take away.

—And here, my Eliza! while the idea rests upon my mind, I shall make a request to thee, which I desire thou wilt consider as a sacred and indispensable duty to fulfil;—which is, That, if I should die before thou arrivest in England,—as is most likely to be the case,—thou wilt immediately enquire out my grave,—and make a pilgrimage to it,—and sit down beside it,—and, weeping over the dust of thy Yorick and thy friend, confirm, by the contemplation thereof, thine own good resolutions to follow his counsels through the rest of thy days.—This sad, but affectionate proof of thy love to me, will do thee good,—comfort thy spirits,—sanctify thy sorrows,—and embalm the memory of thy faithful Yorick in thy heart.

—Alas, my dear child! we are as water spilled upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.—This is a true state of the case;—and we shall, most assuredly, fall, to rise no more in the world.—Let us, then, so shape our course that we may rise in a better!—Death, which has robbed me of my friend, will soon rob my few friends of me!—And I, Eliza, who have this evening been mourning for another, may, ere a few hours are past, require mourners for

myself.—There is no moment but the fatal shaft may arrive which carries death in its wing —There is no day of festive pleasure which may not conclude with the solemnity of our funerals!—Nay, the slumbers of this night may conduct me to sleep eternal!

—Heaven, have mercy upon me!

The grim Tyrant has been close at my heels for many years! Thrice have I crossed the seas, and sheltered myself from his cold hand amid the beams of a southern sun.—Now, I have laughed him away; and sometimes, I have laid bare my breast to him with such a patient and contented spirit,—that, as if he relented, his uplifted arm has slackened at once,—and turned from me.—You too, my child, have seen him approach;—you have beheld him stalking in the Indian blast, and rise, with threatening aspect, from the bosom of the Ocean.

As we are walking arm in arm,—and talking down the summer's sun,—Death strikes the blow;—and while my friend is describing the beauties of Nature to me with an eloquence which gives them new charms,—he sees them no more,—and his eyes are closed forever.—This in reality, once happened to me.—I stood amazed, and almost senseless as the pale form which had bowed itself at my feet. Immersed in all the silence of grief the peasants found me, and while I was led to my chamber,—my friend was stretched upon his bier.

This event opened a wound in my heart which has

never been wholly closed.—The pleasures, and, which is the same thing, the follies of the world, have, alas! at times, made me forget it, and many other matters of grave and serious import;—but, in the hour of quiet and silence, it has often furnished me with abundant matter of wholesome reflection.—I say, wholesome reflection, Eliza; because I believe, nay, am certain, that there is not any-thing which sets us so much at ease with respect to the cares of life, as a frequent contemplation of its end.

When I behold the column, which has been erected to perpetuate the hero, mouldering away, my desire of fame becomes extinct.—When I see the tomb of the statesman, ambition dies within me.—While I contemplate the marble which tells of youth and beauty I repress my confidence in the one and feel the other lose its influence.—In short,—when I turn from the sepulchres of the learned and the great, to the sod which covers the peasant and the beggar, I feel the common and equal lot of mortal beings, and look around for my own grave, where I might lay me down to my last repose, and mingle my dust with theirs.

The sensibility of tender minds frequently extends itself even to the caverns of death, and finds a melancholy, pleasing indulgence in the idea of taking our last sleep beside those we love, and mingling our corruption with theirs.—We make it our dying requests, we insert it as a command in our wills, that

we shall be laid in the same grave with the objects of our affection.—It may appear to some, perhaps, a strange fanciful anxiety that extends itself to senseless, putrefying clay; but thy Yorick enters into all the spirit of this arrangement—and, if I were certain that my Eliza was to become an inhabitant of the same gloomy vault with myself,—I should look on it, as I pass by, with a degree of complacency and satisfaction.

I remember—indeed, I shall never forget it—that in one of my journeys into the North I met the hearse which conveyed the remains of Lord and Lady *Sutherland* to the mausoleum of their ancestors in *Scotland*.—I shall never forget my feelings upon this occasion—they now vibrate at my heart—and will, I am sure, at times continue to affect me, till every pulse is stopped, and the wheel of life discontinues the rotation.—They were both young and amiable, and afforded a bright example of noble virtue, connubial love, and domestic happiness.—A violent fever seized him at Bath;—and she, in her fond attendance upon her Lord, caught the disorder, and died a few hours before him. In their last moments they had but one fear,—and that was mutual—lest their respective danger should be known to each other;—and they both departed in a firm and consolatory persuasion that the other was in a fair way to recovery.

—Here I might paint the joyful surprize which his

spirit must be conscious of, on finding hers waiting to welcome his arrival to the realms of Paradise.—Here I might describe the delights—but my fancy has not one bright tint on its pallet;—it is covered thick with dark and sombre colours,—and my pen is dipped in the very blackness of melancholy:—for the hand in the dial before me points at twelve, and warns me of life's hasty progress,—it tells me, Eliza, that I may see thee no more!—

Thus do the pleasures of this world dance for a few moments before our sight and then vanish for ever.—I knew thee but to love thee!—and scarce found I loved thee before thou art removed away,—and I cannot tell thee of my affection.—But I must acquiesce, my Eliza; and I pray Heaven to give thee strength to do the same, under the insurmountable calamities of life.—So fare thee well!—It is now past mid-night.—But Time, which puts an end to this letter, will never put a period to my prayers and wishes for thy honour, and, which is the same thing to souls such as thine, to thy happiness, till he cuts the weak thread of my existence,—and I become an inhabitant of the silent grave,—in whose oblivious bosom even my Eliza must—Ah!—must be forgotten. Adieu!—Adieu.

Saturday Morning

As I awoke, my Eliza, I bade thee Good-morrow,—and the sun shone sweetly upon my salutation.—I have risen in spirits; and, if my lungs were not like an old worn-out pair of bellows, I would sing an hymn to thee!—My violoncello too has lost its strings, or I would play it and whistle an accompaniment.—But they are grown so crazy, that little harmony can be drawn from either:—so I e'en take up my pen to try what that can do for us.—It has been a kind friend to me, and, I trust, has and will be so to thee, and make thee both laugh and cry again and again;—though on a nearer examination, —I perceive this also is in a sorry condition;—it is almost worn to the stump:—but, like *Witherington* in the ballad, who knows but it may yet perform some deed of renown before it is thrown aside for ever?

I love an old servant to my heart, whether human or brute, or neither;—and I would go more miles to see *Sir Roger de Coverley's* old butler, and the dog that howled at the Baronet's death, than to behold e'er an Emperor, King, Prince, or Potentate, in Christendom,—except the King of England, because he is my own, and I love him:—besides, he is so good a one, and ought to be an eternal exception, when foolish people chuse—which by the bye is a very easy matter —to fall foul upon Crowns and sceptres, and the heads and hands that bear them.

When I enter an old family-mansion I am dissatisfied, if I do not see a few heads of grey hair in the establishment;—and, if there are no helmets or long pikes in the hall, I cannot eat my dinner in comfort. —If a pert powder-monkey of a butler stands at the old side-board, I think the wine is bad;—and when half a dozen be-ruffled lacqueys, better dressed than myself, come to help me on with my great-coat, I run out of the house with all my speed, and wish it may tumble about their ears.—

I love consistency in every-thing.—If I had a pagoda in my garden, though it might be a hen-house, the man who took care of the chickens should be dressed like a Chinese;—and if my dairy was built in the form of a Turkish mosque, the good woman who skimmed the milk and made the cheese should wear the robes of a Mufti.—I have seen modern libraries adorned with every kind of game, and the instruments of their destruction, in stucco;—and, in eating rooms, books, globes, quadrants, compasses, etc. by wholesale, of the same materials. —But of all the blunders of tasteless artists, or tasteless employers of them,—none can be so absurd as the introducing Grecian columns, etc, into Gothic buildings.—I really lament the case of these fair daughters of antient Art, when I see them in some of our Gothic cathedrals, where they look truly uncomfortable; while the old supporters of the venerable pile seem to pity the foolish figure they make, and

frown on the innovating hand that misplaced them there.

I really wish my Eliza could see and contemplate *York Minster;* and that *Yorick*, who has a poor prebend, and an ancestor buried in it, chould shew it to her.—By the bye, this ancestor was the Archbishop of the diocese;—and I am not ashamed of him neither, any more than I should be of his present successor, who—though he is of a noble family—is a gentleman, a scholar, a man of genius, and a Christian;—and proves himself to be every one of these characters every day in the year, and will, I am sure, continue to do so, to the end of his life; which day God forbid I should live to see!—because, if I do, it will be one of the most melancholy days of my whole life:—for I should lose a good and most honourable friend,—human nature an excellent pattern—the Church of York an able protector,—and the Protestant Church one of its brightest ornaments.[1] And now having given a very just and faithful account of the Head of it, I may descend into the Church itself;—and, whether it is considered as a place appropriated to the solemn worship of the Supreme Being, or an example of Gothic building, I do not believe there is any-thing so perfect, in either

[1]With all due respect to the present Archbishop of York, the Editor begs leave to observe, that these Letters were written during the life of his excellent predecessor, Doctor Drummond.

view, upon the face of the earth.—The whole of this structure is truly great and magnificent; its parts are beautiful, their arrangement uniform; and a chastity of ornament, perfect and compleat, pervades even the smallest member of it. Its grandeur is softened by the most unaffected simplicity; and these produce a solemnity in the appearance of the whole, that far exceeds any-thing of the same kind I ever felt. For my own part, I never feel more real devotion than when I am taking a solitary strole (*sic*) up and down the great aisle of it:—and, if I had a story to tell to the world, and wished to do it with uncommon powers,—or aimed at impressing some great and important truth upon mankind with irresistable energy,—here would I come to beget in me that frame of mind which would best suit my exalted purpose.

By a variety of favourable and fortunate circumstances, this beauty of Holiness was preserved from the destroying hand of that *anti-cathedral monster, Oliver Cromwell:*—and, were I disposed to be superstitious, I could almost believe that the particular favour of Heaven was exerted in preserving so fair a sanctuary for those thoughts which are inspired by itself.

How happy should I be, Eliza, if I were permitted to take thee by the hand, and lead thee through this beautiful temple;—and, while you leaned upon my arm, to hear you make your own sweet remarks upon it!—Having done this, I would conduct thee to the tomb of my ancestor, and then Eliza, to my own—

I mean my dear, to that spot where I shall desire some kindred spirit to deposit my ashes.—Here it is that I purpose my marble busto shall be placed, as a memorial of me,—with two lines, telling to whom it belongs, and the kind hand that performed this last office of affection.—In this place, Eliza, we would stand together;—and, while I vaticinated my destiny, you would gently draw your arm from beneath mine,—and stealing your handkerchief from your pocket, would wipe away the tears which trickled down your cheeks:—and when you had done it, you would desire, if it was your fate to survive me, that thou mightest add a little tablet of thine own, to be inscribed with thy name.—And so thou shalt, my affectionate girl!—and I will give thee some lines to engrave upon it, which shall tell of thy tenderness and my friendship.

Adieu!—in the beginning of this letter you must have laughed—and at the close of it I well know that you will weep;—for so it is with me—and the tears are now upon my cheek.—As I wipe them off,—I pray the Angel of Pity to stretch forth his hand,—and wipe thine away for ever!

Thy YORICK

Thursday

IN the last page I was writing about my tomb.—How it happened to slide into my thoughts, I cannot tell;—unless, as the idea of *Eliza* always softens my heart,

it is rendered thereby more open to tender and solemn reflections.—But now, indeed, it is become a natural and an obvious subject.—It is, I believe just before me;—and, ere I have taken many more weary steps, I may drop into its cold bosom; for, from what I feel and know of myself,—I am not long for this world.

About ten days ago, another blood-vessel burst; and it was with great difficulty that Nature could be sustained into life!—So weakened am I by this blow, that, if I should receive another before the winter is over, it will prove my last fall,—and there will be an end of poor Yorick!—In this situation, and with these expectations, I comfort myself with a reflection, which I would recommend to thee for thy comfort, under any of the calamities of life, or apprehensions of its end,—That we are in the hands of a wise and faithful Being, who knows when to give,—and when to take away.—I send thee this information concerning myself,—that you may know the truth, and be prepared for the shock of my death; which, if it should be sudden,—as is most likely it will be,—might be attended with very fatal consequences to a frame so finely fibred as thine.—My pen moves heavily, as thou must perceive, Eliza,—and I know not how I shall trail it to the bottom of my paper.

All-gracious Power!—that canst give strength to the weak,—make firm my feeble knees, which I can scarce bend to ask a blessing of thee! Oh, strengthen

me, for I am weak; and my heart is cold within me! Warm, enliven, illuminate it at this hour,—and then —if it be thy will—let it become cold forever!

I would fain write to thee, Eliza, at this time, with more than usual power:—though whatever comes from a death-bed must carry an awful importance with it;—and I could wish that you would consider me as reclining upon mine, and attend to what I shall write, as the fond counsels of my dying spirit.—If I die—I well know—and I fetch a deep sigh as I write it—that I shall leave thee in a very comfortless state, and surrounded with many discouraging circumstances:—but there is help to be had, if thou wilt rightly ask it, of that kind Being who ever looks with an eye of pity upon the wretched, and will hear and grant their petitions.—Thou hast, I fear, many enemies:—they have already bowed thee down to the earth;—and who knows but they may renew the blow, and prevent thy ever raising up thy head again!—But there is One, who is mightier than they, and he will relieve thee from the cruel hand of the oppressor, if thou wilt trust in him.—And, that you may do it, my child, as you ought, read the Scriptures;—study their divine truths,—and practise the patience and resignation which are so strongly enforced in every page of them.—Fortify thy mind with what is therein recorded of their sufferings—of whom the world was not worthy.—In the weakness and misgivings of thy mind, have recourse to earnest

prayer and supplication, and it will ease thy pains, and be a balm unto thy wounds;—and smiles will return to thy countenance and comfort to thy heart.

—And as an encouragement, my dearest Eliza! to tread in the paths of piety, keep thine eye upon that state of being whither they will conduct thee.—This will set you at ease with regard to the troubles of life, however severe and poignant they may be.—Tho' friends prove false, and enemies triumph; tho' Poverty should lay her chilling hand upon thee,—and Misfortune riot in thine undoing,—look forward,—there is but a little way to go;—and, though it may be covered with thorns, have courage!—the pain will soon be over,—and thy happiness secured upon a foundation against which the Powers of darkness will not prevail.

As for thy children,—deserve thyself the favour of Heaven, and thou wilt thereby secure its blessings and protection for them.—And though thou art at one end of the earth, and they at the other, the God in whom you trust will be merciful to all of you;—for he has created unnumbered worlds, and his eye comprehends and overlooks them all.—Let me, therefore, recommend thee, my dear disciple, to cultivate a constant, awful sense of God's mercies, which will lead thee to deserve, and, in the end, receive them.—For this purpose, make it a law,—which is not to be superseded by any consideration—to pass some part of every day alone.—This must be

in your power:—and I charge my dearest friend, by every-thing which is dearest to her, never to omit a practice so full of profit and consolation!—Bear this letter or a copy of it, always about you:—read it over every day of your life,—and then retire to your chamber, and be still.—There commune with your own heart;—and then let your heart commune with the great Being to whom it is accountable for its most secret thoughts.—He knows them all!—and will one day reward or condemn thee for them.—At the awful bar of eternal Justice, you and I, Eliza, and all the world must appear to receive the sentence which will there be pronounced by unerring Wisdom.—I shall then be judged for the contents of this letter,—and you must there answer for your obedience to, or neglect of, the counsels of it.

This my friend, is truth—awful and important truth! I cannot now be deceived!—every vain and sportive thought has taken wing and fled away!—I cannot now dissemble!—Death may be at my very gates!—In a few moments, perhaps, he may be at my chamber door;—and ere I can write thee an eternal adieu,—the pale Minister may have executed his commission, and Yorick be numbered with the dead.—Under these awful impressions, you may believe that what I now write cannot proceed from the flow of passion, or the looser flights of fancy,—but a serious view of sublunary nature and a future world.

The letters which I have hitherto written to thee, do not beget in me either shame or confusion of face: —nay, on the contrary, they, at this hour, afford me the most pleasing reflections;—for I trust and hope thou wilt have reason to bless me for them.—But yet,—as my love for thy virtues, and zeal for thy happiness, may, perhaps, have enflamed my pen into a somewhat exaggerated praise;—or, sometimes, to ease thy pain and soothe thy spirits, it may have practised some friendly fallacies on thee;—or, as my heart, deceiving itself, may, perchance, have deceived thee,—let caution attend your perusal of my former letters, while you give an implicit confidence to this, —and open every avenue of your soul to it.—It contains the sentiments of an heart, which being no longer able to deceive itself, cannot deceive you.— Dissimulation now drops her mask,—the gay and airy trappings of wit and fancy are cast aside,—and every-thing stands naked in the sight of that eye, which looks down upon the grave, where it expects, every moment, to be closed for-ever.

One thing I had forgotten,—indeed, it is of the utmost importance; and right glad am I that it has not escaped me. You are gone to India in obedience to the commands of your husband!—This was your duty—and you have fulfilled it; but you must not stop here.—If he treats thee well, which I trust he will, return his kindness with gratitude.—If it should be possible for him to neglect or insult thee, teach

him by thy patience and submission to use thee better.—If that should fail—still continue to persevere in the line of duty; for it will be an honour and a comfort to thee!—And though much sorrow may attend thee in the discharge of it, conscious virtue and approving Heaven will be thy supports.—Remember, also, Eliza,—that thy husband is the father of thy children!—This thought will beget patience, that meekest gentlest virtue;—and patience, assisted by hope, will turn the tide of sorrow from thine eye, and give many a pleasing thought to thy heart.

Nothing further, I believe, my dear, remains for me,—I have not omitted any-thing, I hope, which can be material for thee to know and consider.—If it should please Heaven to spare me yet longer, such sentiments and instructions as these can never be out of the season:—but, if I should pass the gates of death, consider them as the tender and sincere valediction of one who loved thee so well, that, in his last hours, the thoughts of a better world were, for a while, suspended, in order to direct thee how to attain it.

If, then, I should never see thee more,—eternally adieu!—O my Eliza!—cherish the remembrance of your friend;—and prove thy love of him by following the dying instructions which he bequeaths thee.—Do this—and, perhaps, my death will teach you more true wisdom than my whole life would have done,—though I should live to see my hair grey,—

and to rest my feeble age, for support, in thee and thy children.—Once more, then, and for the last time, fare thee well!—I shall continue, Eliza, to bless thee while I live;—and may my last blessing rest upon thee for ever!

Amen.

FINIS

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

The edition of 1779 contained two Prefaces, the one composed by the Editor, the other purporting to be written by the Author. As both these bear the marks of Combe's work they lie outside our thesis, but are printed here for purposes of reference.

ORIGINAL PREFACE OF THE EDITOR

I do not aim at imposing on the world. And though the readers of these volumes would, perhaps, very soon discover that their contents are not genuine,—yet I think it necessary to premise, as the assumed title is, in some measure, borrowed from a collection of letters truly original, that these are but imitations, written as the author himself declares, for the purpose of private amusement.—There, indeed, he wished to have determined their lot, and to have hid them from every eye but that of Friendship: but I had no sooner read them than I proposed, and have since frequently continued to propose, their publication. This proposition he so often and so obstinately refused, that I had given up all expectation of securing, in my opinion, an elegant and improving amusement to the world. At length a small volume, with the titles of *Letters by the Late Mr. Sterne*, was published in London, the originality of which was most positively asserted by the Editor in his Preface, and, if I recollect aright, passed current, and not without applause, with the gentlemen who conduct the Reviews. Of these Letters, the *fourth*, *fifth*, *sixth*, *seventh*, *eighth*, *ninth* and *tenth* were, I well knew, the offspring of that pen which wrote the contents of the following volumes.

They were written by way of experiment and made their first appearance in a provincial newspaper; and passing on thro' the common channel of Magazines, Chronicles, Evening Posts, Journals, etc, etc, etc, were collected together, and, being blended with a few of Mr. Sterne's genuine compositions, were published, with a solemn declaration in the preface, that they were all faithful transcripts of original letters in the possession of the Editor:—nay, I perceived, to my very great astonishment, that one of them had even found its way into Mrs. Medalle's late publication of her father's posthumous works.

This little volume I delivered to my friend; pointed out to him how much he was concerned in it; and, at the same time, observed, that, as he had given a copy of the following Letters to a favoured person, who might, possibly, have entrusted them to several other favoured persons, I should not be surprized if they, also, were soon to make their appearance in public with similar declarations of their authenticity.—He immediately went to his closet, and reaching from the shelf two thin folio paper books in marble covers, 'There, said he, to me, take them;—they are now yours, and consigned to your disposal.' I received the manuscripts with the highest satisfaction; and as soon as the engagements of a country life would permit a journey to the capital, which, indeed, has been much later than I wished or expected, I have committed them to the press.—I have not taken the liberty of making the least alteration, but have delivered them to the world in the same state in which they were delivered to me.

The partiality of Friendship may possibly lead me to a higher praise of this little book than it deserves.—Indeed, I cannot but own that a successive perusal of these Letters has encreased the pleasure they at first afforded me; and I give them to the Public with an expectation that there

will be found many to whom they will administer an equal satisfaction.

As to their imitative merits, I shall say but little;—tho' I believe there will be few who, on reading them, will not be sometimes put in mind of the style and manner of the late Mr. *Sterne's* writings.—With respect to myself, amid the many *Shandean Strokes* which I fancied, at least, that I felt in the perusal of these Letters, I often thought, perhaps too partially, that I discovered knots of flowers which seemed to have been planted by the tender and fanciful Rousseau.—But mere imitations of style and manner are of little value, unless they heighten those sentiments, and enforce those instructions, which soften and improve the heart.

That these Letters are well calculated to produce such beneficial effects is the real belief, and that they may produce them is the sincere desire, of

THE EDITOR

ADDRESS OF THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

WHOEVER thou art that mayest, perchance, peruse these Letters, it may be proper to inform thee that they were written for the purpose of private amusement, and as a relaxation from more serious employments. And as, I hope, thou art a person of virtue and good manners, it is not improbable that thou wilt be offended even at the idea of these epistles being written by married persons, who, from the nature of those claims to which they are subject from their own respective connections, are guilty of no small crime in transferring an affection, already bestowed with the most solemn assurance of fidelity, and looking for a return of the same nature, equally unjustifiable. But do not, therefore, be afraid to read the Letters throughout; and if, when thou hast read them, thou shouldest not find any alteration in thy sentiments, I must beg to inform thee, that, as the subject was not my own, I was under the necessity of taking it up in the state I found it; and when I undertook to continue the Letters between YORICK and ELIZA, it was absolutely necessary for me, in order to preserve some appearance of originality, to fall in with the circumstances which governed this singular, though sincere, attachment between them.

I have such an high opinion of the honour, the chastity, and the delights of a married life, as to believe that, where there is a sincere and mutual affection, it is the heaven of this world; and I possess an equal degree of certainty that such a correspondence, as I have supposed, betrays a great deficiency of matrimonial happiness in the parties who compose it. But though these Letters, from the characters of their imaginary writers, may appear, at times, to glow

with an unbecoming warmth, they do not, I trust, contain the least impropriety of sentiment, and I should think that the last Letter will, in some measure, reconcile thee, however scrupulous thou mayest be, to the correspondence. However, if, after all, the idea of YORICK and ELIZA should still be offensive to thee, change their names, with their supposed situation and character, and only retain the sentiments. Then, I trust thou wilt find nothing in these pages, but what two pure and faithful spirits may breathe towards each other, who love in spite of fortune.

THE AUTHOR